POEMS.

Sigourney, Lydia Howard
" (Huntley)

POEMS;

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MORAL PIECES IN PROSE AND VERSE."

BOSTON,
PUBLISHED BY S. G. GOODRICH.
ALSO, BY H. AND F. J. HUNTINGTON, HARTFORD; SOLD BY THEM AND BOWLES AND DEARBORN, BOSTON; AND G. AND C. CARVILL, NEW YORK.
MDCCCXXVII.

PS 2830
A2
1827
copy 2

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, *to wit:*

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JNO. W. DAVIS, *Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.*

BOSTON,
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Gift
W.C. Little
July 12, 1948

CONTENTS.

Grave of the Mother of Washington, ... 9
Invocation to Greece, ... 11
To the Moon, ... 13
The Coral Insect, ... 16
With wild Flowers to a sick Friend, ... 17
Anna Boleyn, ... 18
Burial of the Young, ... 20
On a Question proposed at the Institution of the Abbé Sicard in Paris, ... 22
The Sweetness of Life, ... 23
Harvest Hymn, ... 25
The Rival Kings of Mohegan, contrasted with the Rival Brothers of Persia, ... 26
The Departed Benefactress, ... 29
Mourn ye the Righteous Dead? 30
Remember me, ... 31
Death of Wolsey, ... 33
Parting of Lovers, ... 35
The Funeral, ... 37
Early Recollections, ... 39
The Babe of St. Bernard, ... 40
Chilly M'Intosh, ... 46
Saul, ... 49

"Ye shall seek me in the Morning, but I shall not be," . . 52
The Alpine Flowers, ... 54
To the Eye, ... 55
Joy Purchased by Sorrow, ... 56
On hearing a young Lady defend the cause of Matrimony, . 57
Opinions of the Uneducated Deaf and Dumb, ... 58
The Funeral of a Mother, ... 62
Hope and Memory, ... 63
Latimer and Ridley, ... 66
On the Translation of Milton into the Language of Iceland, by Thorlasken, a native Poet, ... 69
The Dead Horseman, ... 71
The Pilgrims, ... 73
Remonstrance of the Creek Indians against being removed from their own Territory, ... 76
Carloman and Merovee, ... 77
Ancient Tradition from the Island of Lesbos, ... 83
To General La Fayette, ... 84
Epitaph on the Mausoleum of John Viscomti, Lord of Milan, . 85
Return of the Exile, ... 86
Death of an Infant, ... ib.
The Georgian Planet, ... 87
"As thy Day, so shall thy Strength be," 88
"A man's Life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth," 89
Memory and Conscience, ... 90
The Chair of the Indian King, ... 91
Visit to the venerable Charles Thompson, ... 94
On the loss of the Steam Boat Ætna, ... 96
Lake Thrasymene, ... 99
The Voice of the Spirit, ... 101
Africa, ... 103
Autumn Winds, ... 104
Song of the Icelandic Fisher, ... 105
Toil, ... 107
"There is a time to die," 108
"Peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked," . . 109
Burial of Mazeen, ... 110

The Swedish Lovers, ... 112
The Elements, ... 121
On visiting the University of Virginia, ... 124
Winter, ... 125
The Suttee, ... 126
Caroline Matilda, to Christian the Seventh of Denmark, . . 128
A Thunder Storm, while Travelling, ... 129
On passing at Jamestown, Virginia, the Ruins of the most ancient Church in America, ... 131
On reading the Life of Quincy, by his Son, ... 133
"This year thou shalt die," 135
Sentiment in a Sermon, ... 136
Vice, ... 137
Mount Vernon, ... 138
The Dead Infant, ... 139
On the Death of a Young Matron, ... 140
A Vision, ... 141
The Entreaty of Ruth, ... 143
Self Examination, ... 144
Greece, ... ib.
On the Marriage of a young Friend, during my absence, . . 146
The Eighth Psalm, ... ib.
The Comet of 1825, ... 147
Intemperance, ... 153
The Old Man, ... 156
David and Jonathan, ... 158
Sabrina, ... 169
Defeat of the Queen of Narragansett, in 1679, ... 172
To the First Slave Ship, ... 176
On the Death of an accomplished Physician, ... 178
To a Glow Worm, ... 179
To a Wasp, ... ib.
Scottish Relics, ... 181
The "Eyes of the Nile," 183
On being entertained with Painting and Music, ... 184
The Sunday School, ... 185
Missolonghi, ... 186
Ode on the Fiftieth Anniversary of American Independence, 190

On the Death of John Adams, ... 191
Death of Jefferson, ... 192
The last Surviver of the Signers of our Declaration of Independence, ... 194
The Stranger's Flower, ... 197
"Mene," 198
To an ancient Rocking Chair, ... 199
A Walk in the Church Yard of my Native Place, ... 201
To the Evening Primrose, ... 206
Wyllys' Hill and the Charter Oak, ... 207
Tomb of Cecilia Metella, ... 209
Pompey's Statue, ... 210
Funeral of the Osage Warrior, ... 212
The Cemetery of Pere La Chaise, ... 213
A Hebrew Tale, ... 214
The Misletoe at the Tomb of Washington, ... 217
The Sainted Mother, ... 219
"Wherefore I praised the Dead more than the Living," . . 220
A Dirge, ... 221
To an Absent Child, ... 222
On seeing the deaf, dumb, and blind Girl of the American Asylum, Hartford, at a Festival, ... ib.
Birth Day of both my Parents, ... 226

POEMS.

GRAVE OF THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.

Mother of him whose godlike fame
The good throughout the world revere,
Ah! why, without a stone, or name,
Thus sleep'st thou unregarded here?

Fair pensile branches o'er thee wave,
And Nature decks the chosen dell;
Yet surely o'er thy hallow'd grave
A nation's mournful sighs should swell!

Rome, with a burst of filial pride,
The mother of her Gracchi view'd;
And why should we restrain the tide
Of reverential gratitude?

She to sublime Volumnia paid
Her tribute of enraptured tears,
When the dread chief that voice obey'd
Which sternly curb'd his infant years.

Thou in the days of Sparta's might,
Had'st high on her illustrious roll
Been rank'd, amidst those matrons bright,
Who nobly nursed the great of soul.

For disciplined in Wisdom's school,
The lofty pupil own'd thy sway;
And well might he be skill'd to rule,
So early nurtured to obey.

No enervating arts refined
To slumber lull'd his heaven-born might;
No weak indulgence warp'd thy mind,
To cloud a hero's path of light.

Say,—when upon thy shielding breast
The saviour of his country hung,
When his soft lip to thine was prest,
Wooing the accents from thy tongue,

Saw'st thou, prescient, o'er his brow,
The shadowy wreath of laurel start?
Or, did thy nightly dream bestow
High visions of his glorious part?

And when his little hands were taught
By thee, in simple prayer to rise,
Say,—were thy own devotions fraught
With heighten'd incense for the skies?

Well may that realm confiding rest,
Heroes, and mighty chiefs to see,
Which finds its infant offspring blest
With monitors and guides like thee.

A future age, than ours more just,
With his, shall blend thy honor'd name,
And rear, exulting, o'er thy dust,
The monument of deathless fame.

And thither bid young mothers wend,
To bless thy spirit as they rove,
And learn, while o'er thy tomb they bend,
For heaven to train the babes they love.

INVOCATION TO GREECE.

Hail holy clime!—where Science rear'd her throne,
And kindred arts like constellations shone,
Ere from her fostering wolf's caresses dread,
Rome, savage infant, rear'd her rival head;
Nurse of the bard, the hero, and the sage,
Too long the victim of oppression's rage;
Enslaved and fetter'd by the Paynim throng,
Sworn foes of science, and unknown to song;
In mockery crown'd with persecution's thorn,
And crush'd till courage from despair was born:
We see thee bursting from thy lingering trance,
Snatch the dark helm, and poise the quivering lance;

From gather'd rust thine ancient armour clear,
And with thy clarion wake the warrior's ear.—
—Rear, as at Salamis, thy lofty crest!
Pluck the red garland from Platea's breast!
Still Marathon that victor-shout retains,
Whose earthquake echo shook a thousand plains;
Still for thy temples Leuctra's laurel blooms,
And buried heroes rend their vaulted tombs;
With lightning glance thy fields of blood explore,
And stalk impervious where the life-tides pour;
With awful smile the impetuous souls survey,
With airy shield protect their dauntless way;
Their whisper'd voice unearthly rage inspires,
And bids the sons be worthy of their sires.—
—Lo! peaceful shades from blest Elysium throng,
In spectral ranks to guard the land of song;
Predict with withering curse its foemen's doom,
And blend the crescent with the Persian plume.—
—Dark frowns the Stagyrite;—with brow of thought
Glides the meek martyr from his hemlock draught;
The vine-clad Tean rears his sparkling bowl,
And quaffs deep vengeance on the Moslem soul;
Indignant Pericles, with haughty pain,
Marks the usurping mosque, and turban'd train;—
Fast by the Parthenon sad Phidias sighs,
And scornful Homer rolls his sightless eyes,
Hurls tuneful curses on the insulting foe,
And bids anew the flames of Ilion glow.
—Hail land sublime!—array'd in classic robe,
Mankind thy pupil, and thy school the globe!
Throngs taught by thee, in trembling ardour wait
Thy doubtful struggle with disastrous fate.—

—Yet one* there was, who not with passive song,
Beheld thy conflict, or bemoan'd thy wrong;—
Bold to thine aid the lyre and sword he brought,
And doubly arm'd, thy front of danger sought;
Rear'd thy red banner o'er the Egean wave,
Unseal'd his coffers, and his spirit gave.
Cold rests his heart within thy hallow'd bowers,
And Helle's maidens wreath its shrine with flowers.—
—Genius of Greece! who drank his latest sigh,
Raise toward the Queen of Isle's thy mourning eye;
She marks the sons who round her sceptre crowd,
Stern to their sins, but of their talents proud:
Say, "for *my sake* thy wayward bard forgive,
Since, bound with mine, his deathless name shall live;
Breathe o'er his filial urn one sorrowing sigh,
And in his glory let his frailties die."

TO THE MOON.

Hail beauteous and inconstant!—Thou who roll'st
Thy silver car around the realm of night,
Queen of soft hours! how fanciful art thou
In equipage and vesture.—Now thou com'st
With slender horn piercing the western cloud,
As erst on Judah's hills, when joyous throngs
With trump and festival saluted thee;
Anon thy waxing crescent 'mid the host
Of constellations, like some fairy boat,

* Byron.

Glides o'er the waveless sea; then as a bride
Thou bow'st thy cheek behind a fleecy veil,
Timid and fair; or, bright in regal robes,
Dost bid thy full-orb'd chariot proudly roll,
Sweeping with silent rein the starry path
Up to the highest node,—then plunging low
To seek dim Nadir in his misty cell.—
——Lov'st thou our Earth, that thou dost hold thy lamp
To guide and cheer her, when the wearied Sun
Forsakes her?—Sometimes, roving on, thou shedd'st
The eclipsing blot ungrateful, on that sire
Who feeds thy urn with light,—but sinking deep
'Neath the dark shadow of the earth dost mourn
And find thy retribution.
—Dost thou hold
Dalliance with Ocean, that his mighty heart
Tosses at thine approach, and his mad tides,
Drinking thy favoring glance, more rudely lash
Their rocky bulwark?—Do *thy* children trace
Through crystal tube our coarser-featured orb
Even as we gaze on thee?—With Euclid's art
Perchance, from pole to pole, her sphere they span,
Her sun loved tropicks—and her spreading seas
Rich with their myriad isles. Perchance they mark
Where India's cliffs the trembling cloud invade,
Or Andes with his fiery banner flouts
The empyrean,—where old Atlas towers,—
Or that rough chain whence he of Carthage pour'd
Terrors on Rome.—Thou, too, perchance, hast nursed
Some bold Copernicus, or fondly call'd
A Galileo forth, those sun-like souls

Which shone in darkness, though *our* darkness fail'd
To comprehend them.—Can'st thou boast, like earth,
A Kepler, skilful pioneer and wise?—
A sage to write his name among the stars
Like glorious Herschel?—or a dynasty
Like great Cassini's, which from sire to son
Transmitted Science as a birthright seal'd?
—Rose there some lunar Horrox,—to whose glance
Resplendent Venus her adventurous course
Reveal'd, even in his boyhood?—some La Place
Luminous as the skies he sought to read?—
Thou deign'st no answer,—or I fain would ask
If since thy bright creation, thou hast seen
Ought like a Newton, whose admitted eye
The arcana of the universe explored?
Light's subtle ray its mechanism disclosed,
The impetuous comet his mysterious lore
Unfolded,—system after system rose,
Eternal wheeling thro' the immense of space,
And taught him of their laws.—Even angels stood
Amaz'd, as when in ancient times they saw
On Sinai's top, a mortal walk with God.—
—But he to whom the secrets of the skies
Were whisper'd—in humility adored,
Breathing with childlike reverence the prayer,
—"When on yon heavens, with all their orbs, I gaze,
Jehovah!—what is man?"

THE CORAL INSECT.

Toil on! toil on! ye ephemeral train,
Who build in the tossing and treacherous main;
Toil on,—for the wisdom of man ye mock,
With your sand-based structures and domes of rock;
Your columns the fathomless fountains lave,
And your arches spring up to the crested wave;—
Ye're a puny race, thus to boldly rear
A fabric so vast, in a realm so drear.

Ye bind the deep with your secret zone,
The ocean is seal'd, and the surge a stone;
Fresh wreaths from the coral pavement spring,
Like the terraced pride of Assyria's king;
The turf looks green where the breakers roll'd,
O'er the whirlpool ripens the rind of gold;—
The sea-snatch'd isle is the home of men,
And mountains exult where the wave hath been.

But why do ye plant 'neath the billows dark
The wrecking reef for the gallant bark?—
There are snares enough on the tented field,
Mid the blossom'd sweets that the valleys yield;
There are serpents to coil, ere the flowers are up;
There 's a poison-drop in man's purest cup,
There are foes that watch for his cradle breath,
And why need ye sow the floods with death?

With mouldering bones the deeps are white,
From the ice-clad pole to the tropicks bright;—

The mermaid hath twisted her fingers cold
With the mesh of the sea-boy's curls of gold,
And the gods of ocean have frown'd to see
The mariner's bed in their halls of glee;—
Hath earth no graves, that ye thus must spread
The boundless sea for the thronging dead?

Ye build,—ye build,—but ye enter not in,
Like the tribes whom the desert devour'd in their sin;
From the land of promise ye fade and die,
Ere its verdure gleams forth on your weary eye;—
As the kings of the cloud-crown'd pyramid,
Their noteless bones in oblivion hid;
Ye slumber unmark'd 'mid the desolate main,
While the wonder and pride of your works remain.

WITH WILD FLOWERS TO A SICK FRIEND.

Rise from the dells where ye first were born,
From the tangled beds of the weed and thorn,
Rise! for the dews of the morn are bright,
And haste away with your brows of light.—
—Should the green-house patricians with gathering frown,
On your plebeian vestures look haughtily down,
Shrink not,—for *His* finger your heads hath bow'd,
Who heeds the lowly and humbles the proud.—
—The tardy spring, and the frosty sky,
Have meted your robes with a miser's eye,
And check'd the blush of your blossoms free,—
With a gentler friend your home shall be;

To a kinder ear ye may tell your tale
Of the zephyr's kiss and the scented vale;—
Ye are charm'd! ye are charm'd! and your fragrant sigh
Is health to the bosom on which ye die.

ANNA BOLEYN.

The Axe, with which Anna Boleyn was beheaded, is still preserved in the Tower of London.

Stern minister of Fate severe!
Who, drunk with beauty's blood,
Defying time, dost linger here,
And frown with ruffian visage drear,
Like beacon on destruction's flood:
Say!—when ambition's giddy dream
First lured thy victim's heart aside,
Why like a serpent didst thou hide
Mid clustering flowers, and robes of pride
Thy warning gleam?
Had'st thou but once arisen in vision dread,
From glory's fearful cliff her startled step had fled.

Ah! little she reck'd when St Edward's crown
So heavily press'd her tresses fair,
That with sleepless wrath, its thorns of care
Would rankle within her couch of down!
To the tyrant's bower,
In her beauty's power,
She came,—as a lamb to the lion's lair,
As the light bird cleaves the fields of air,
And carols blithe and sweet, while Treachery weaves its snare.

Think !—what were her pangs as she traced her fate
On that changeful monarch's brow of hate ?
What were the thoughts, which in misery's hour
Throng'd o'er her soul, in her dungeon tower ?
Regret, with pencil keen,
Retouch'd the deep'ning scene :
Delightful France, whose genial skies
Bade her gay childhood's pleasures rise ;
Earl Percy's love,—his youthful grace,
Her gallant brother's fond embrace,
Her stately father's feudal halls,
Where proud heraldic annals deck'd the ancient walls.

Wrapt in the scaffold's gloom,
Brief tenant of that living tomb
She stands!—the life blood chills her heart,
And her tender glance from earth does part ;
But her infant daughter's image fair,
In the smile of innocence is there,
It clings to her soul mid its last despair ;
And the desolate queen is doom'd to know
How far a *mother's* grief transcends a *martyr's* wo.

Say ! did prophetic light
Illume her darkening sight,
Painting the future island-queen
Like the fabled bird, all hearts surprising,
Bright from blood-stain'd ashes rising,
Wise, energetic, bold, serene ?
Ah no ! the scroll of time
Is seal'd ;—and hope sublime
Rests, but on those far heights, which mortals may not climb.

The dying prayer, with trembling fervor speeds,
For that false monarch, by whose will she bleeds;
For him, who listening on that fatal morn
Hears her death signal o'er the distant lawn
From the deep cannon speaking,
Then springs to mirth and winds his bugle-horn,
And riots while her blood is reeking;—
For him she prays, in seraph tone,
"Oh!—be his sins forgiven!
Who raised me to an earthly throne,
And sends me now, from prison lone,
To be a saint in heaven."

BURIAL OF THE YOUNG.

There was an open grave,—and many an eye
Look'd down upon it. Slow the sable hearse
Moved on, as if reluctantly it bare
The young, unwearied form to that cold couch,
Which age and sorrow render sweet to man.
—There seem'd a sadness in the humid air,
Lifting the long grass from those verdant mounds
Where slumber multitudes.—
—There was a train
Of young, fair females, with their brows of bloom,
And shining tresses. Arm in arm they came,
And stood upon the brink of that dark pit,
In pensive beauty, waiting the approach
Of their companion. She was wont to fly,

And meet them, as the gay bird meets the spring,
Brushing the dew-drop from the morning flowers,
And breathing mirth and gladness. *Now* she came
With movements fashion'd to the deep-toned bell:—
She came with mourning sire, and sorrowing friend,
And tears of those who at her side were nursed
By the same mother.
Ah! and one was there,
Who, ere the fading of the summer rose,
Had hoped to greet her as his bride. But Death
Arose between them. The pale lover watch'd
So close her journey through the shadowy vale,
That almost to his heart, the ice of death
Enter'd from hers. There was a brilliant flush
Of youth about her,—and her kindling eye
Pour'd such unearthly light, that hope would hang
Even on the archer's arrow, while it dropp'd
Deep poison. Many a restless night she toil'd
For that slight breath which held her from the tomb,
Still wasting like a snow-wreath, which the sun
Marks for his own, on some cool mountain's breast,
Yet spares, and tinges long with rosy light.
——Oft o'er the musings of her silent couch,
Came visions of that matron form which bent
With nursing tenderness, to sooth and bless
Her cradle dream: and her emaciate hand
In trembling prayer she raised—that He who saved
The sainted mother, would redeem the child.
Was the orison lost?—Whence then that peace
So dove-like, settling o'er a soul that loved
Earth and its pleasures?—Whence that angel smile
With which the allurements of a world so dear

Were counted and resign'd ? that eloquence
So fondly urging those whose hearts were full
Of sublunary happiness, to seek
A better portion ? Whence that voice of joy,
Which from the marble lip in life's last strife
Burst forth, to hail her everlasting home ?
—Cold reasoners! be convinced. And when ye stand
Where that fair brow and those unfrosted locks
Return to dust,—where the young sleeper waits
The resurrection morn,—Oh! lift the heart
In praise to Him, who gave the victory.

ON A QUESTION PROPOSED

AT THE INSTITUTION OF THE ABBA SICARD, IN PARIS, " LES SOURDS-MUETS SE TROUVENT-ILS MALHERVREUX?"

Addressed to an interesting and intelligent little girl, deprived of the powers of speech and hearing.

Oh! could the kind inquirer gaze
Upon thy brow with gladness fraught,
Its smile, like inspiration's rays,
Would give the answer to his thought.—

And could he see thy sportive grace
Soft blending with submission due,—
Or note thy bosom's tenderness
To every just emotion true ;—

Or when some new idea glows,
On the pure altar of the mind,
Observe the exulting tear that flows
In silent ecstacy refined ;—

Thy active life,—thy look of bliss,
The sparkling of thy magic eye,
Would all his sceptic doubts dismiss,
And bid him lay his pity by,

To bless the ear that ne'er has known
The voice of censure, pride, or art;
Nor trembled at that sterner tone,
Which while it tortures, chills the heart;

To bless the lip that ne'er could tell
Of human woes the vast amount,
Nor pour those idle words that swell
The terror of our last account.—

For sure the stream of *silent* course
May flow as deep, as pure, as blest,
As that which rolls in torrents hoarse,
Or whitens o'er the mountain's breast,

As sweet a scene, as fair a shore,
As rich a soil its tide may lave,
Then joyful and accepted pour
Its tribute to the *mighty* wave.

THE SWEETNESS OF LIFE.

Ah! who can tell what horrors urge the wretch
To madness, who infuriate spurns the gift
Of this sweet life?—For life is sweet to him
Who 'neath the ceaseless lash of bondage toils,—
Sweet to the sick man, to the galley-slave,
To him who scorches 'neath a vertic sun,
Or feels the breath of everlasting snows

Congeal his soul.—Yes! life is sweet to him
Who through his dungeon-grate the scanty ray
Hails, though it serve him but to mark the chains
Gnawing his wasted flesh.—The mariner,
Buoy'd on some fragment of his broken ship,
Buffets the wave.—*Wherefore?*—His all is lost,
And the cold world is but a wreck to him,
Yet his blanch'd lip above the billow sighs
That *life is sweet.*—
Ah! life is sweet to him,
The most despised and isolated wretch
Who holds nor tie, nor brotherhood to man.
Ye cannot wrest it from the vilest brute
Or noisome reptile, but they shun with cries
Your purpose, or uplift their feeble shield,
As best they may, to guard their dearest boon.
——But *man*, creation's idol!—he, for whom
Yon skies were garnish'd, and their nightly lamps
Hung out,—fair earth a nursing-mother made,
And ocean chain'd,—and air surcharged with balm,
If but a rude blast rend his painted sails,
Down, down some gulf he hurls his bark, and shuns
The port of heaven.—Yet oh,—condemn him not!—
Ye cannot tell how bare the scourge may lay
The soul's quick nerve,—how fierce the passions boil,
How dark may be the hiding of God's face,
Or what demoniac forms may seize the helm
Of reason, ere with suicidal haste
He leap that slippery verge, which scarce firm faith
Can tread unshuddering.—
God of power and might!
Have pity on the feeble hearts that shrink
From transient wo, and so instruct them here

To bear life's discipline, that death at last,
Led on by nature, not by rashness urged,
May ope the gate of everlasting life.

HARVEST HYMN.

God of Nature! God of Love!
Smile upon our festive rite,
Thou who bidd'st the Seasons prove
Circling sources of delight.

Spring, a rainbow promise bears,
Summer decks the ripening plain,
Autumn sings amid his cares,
Guiding home the loaded wain.

Winter with his snowy vest,
Revels in their blended spoil,
Lulls the wearied earth to rest,
Braces man for future toil.

Morning, bright with golden rays,
Evening, dark with ebon pall,
Speak in varied tones Thy praise,
Architect, and Sire of all!

We, for whom yon groves are drest,
Yon green vales their treasures pour,
Still by liberal nature blest
With her most luxuriant store,

We, to whom indulgent skies
Plenty, health, and peace impart.
Bid in fragrant offerings rise
Incense from the grateful heart.

THE RIVAL KINGS OF MOHEGAN,

CONTRASTED WITH

THE RIVAL BROTHERS OF PERSIA.

——Crowns are beset with thorns,
And who can tell what woes their hollow orb
Binds on the temples!—Yet to taste that wo,
Ambition toils,—Pride strives,—Affection dies
'Neath Hatred's frown. Thus stood the red-brow'd kings,
Brothers and rivals. On their father's throne
Each strove to sit. Justly the nation gave
The sovereignty, where Nature's voice decreed
The birthright. So the eldest rose to rule
His brethren of the forest. In their cares,
Pursuits and dangers, with true heart he shared
An equal part. The hunter's toil he loved,
Like him, the patriarch's favourite son, who bore
The cheering perfume of the scented field
Within his garments. But the younger prince
Adher'd to that pale race, who on his lands,
Encroaching silently, like Rachel, sought
By arts, and counterfeited tones to wrest
The sceptre from him. He, with flattering words
Still sooth'd their avarice,—sparing not to vow
That o'er these mountains, and uncultured vales,
Tall crested woods, and streams which they desired
Their sway should reach.

Like Absalom he pined
Before his brethren,—"Oh! that I were judge
And ruler o'er you, that each one who felt
Wrong or injustice, unto me might come,
And I would do him right."
—But the wise chiefs
Look'd gravely on him,—and the hoary head
Shook its white locks at the usurping prince.
—Sometimes when white men lured his private ear
To close debate, they to their swords would point,
Vaunting these soon could make a vacant throne;
And raise them high in eagerness, and say
His cause was *theirs*.—But ever at the word
A heavy sternness o'er his features came,
And terribly his dark eye beam'd reproof.
"One mother nursed us! and we hold it sin
To shed a brother's blood." Then would he turn
In anger, and in grief, as one who mourns
Temptation most, when urged by those he loves.
For well the invaders' courtly speech be prized,
Their arts, and lore, which shamed the forest sons;—
And proud of English costume,—with the gaude
Of epauletted shoulder, and rich belt
Whence hung the glittering sword, was pleased to flaunt.
—The people loved their monarch, who, close-wrapt
In robe of pliant deer-skin, with bold brow
Shaded by coronet of feathery plumes,
Would wheel the war-dance in its frantic round
Amid the flashing of their midnight fires,
Or in grave council, with high eloquence
Control the spirit.
—But the shaft of death
Regards not titles, and the forest king

Fell like his lowliest subject. Light of heart,
The expectant prince received a nation's vows,
And rear'd himself to reign. But watchful Fate,
As if determin'd still to mar the joys
Of him who dealt in guile, with hasty hand
Number'd his days. The royal forehead droop'd
To dire disease, and the slight diadem
Disown'd its brief companionship.—One grave
Open'd for both.—Whom rivalry disjoin'd,
Nature in burial, as in birth made one.
Grief mark'd their obsequies, and the sad tribe
Like orphans mourning, heap'd the hallow'd mould.
—Not thus the Persian brothers, fired with rage
Of mad ambition for their father's throne,
Respected kindred ties. Not like those kings
Nurtured by nature o'er her wilds to roam
And to her teachings bow,—their rash swords spared
That blood which through their rival breasts was pour'd
From the same fountain.
—On Cunaxa's plain
The war they raised. Bold Artaxerxes brought
His scythe-arm'd chariots, and his countless troops,
Egyptians, by their ample bucklers hid,
And white-robed Persians with uncover'd heads
And glittering armour. Fiery Cyrus came,
Proud of his allied Greeks to blood inured
On Peloponnesus,—while his furious voice
The Paphlagonian cavalry inspired,
With rage like his.—
But see! his life-tide flows
Beneath his brother's javelin,—and he falls
Foaming, like him of Bosworth, while his teeth
Gnashing vindictive, testify the force
Of hatred built on love.

THE DEPARTED BENEFACTRESS.

There is a friend who loves me still ;—unchanged
By all the errors of my devious way,
When fickle fancies have my plans deranged
Or hurtful follies lured my steps astray,
Her tenderness remain'd :—nor would she grieve
The lonely trusting one, that in her shade did live.

Amid the wayward freaks of childish haste,—
Amid the wanderings of my youthful lot,
When toys deluded, or when phantoms chased,
Some sooth'd and promised,—then their care forgot ;
But one hath loved me still : the friend who sleeps
Where the long herbage sighs and where remembrance weeps.

When Friendship's alter'd brow withheld its smile,
When cold and stern, her cordial welcome fled ;
Though like a pilgrim, fainting mid his toil,
Even in its pangs my struggling heart has said,
One friend there is, who loves me still,—*above ;*—
The grave hath changed her form, but could not chill her love.

Reprove me not!—I trust she loves me still,
Though cold, and mute, and motionless her dust,
For when my heart hath felt affliction's thrill,
Or swoln to bursting, mourn'd its broken trust ;
Soft on the breeze of heaven, a voice would sigh
" Despond not thus, my child, my spirit hovers nigh."—

And in the silence of the midnight trance,
In snowy robe she comes to cheer my sight;
So holy, so benignant is her glance,
Her brow so placid,—and her eye so bright,
I know she loves me still:—and oh! that thought
Shall strongly nerve my soul to do the things it ought.

MOURN YE THE RIGHTEOUS DEAD?

Yon pilgrim see, in vestments grey,
Whose bleeding feet bedew his way,
O'er arid sands, with want opprest,
Who toiling knows no place of rest:
Mourn ye, because the long sought shrine
He clasps in ecstacy divine,
And lays his load of sin and gloom
Repentant on his Saviour's tomb?—
—Behold yon ship with wrecking form
Which vails her proud mast to the storm,
Wild winds and waves with headlong force
Impel her on her dang'rous course;
The pallid crew their hope resign
And powerless view the foaming brine;
Mourn ye, because the tempest dies,
And in her haven moor'd she lies?—
—Emerging from the field of strife
Where slaughter'd throngs have sold their life,
Yon warrior see, with gushing veins,
Who scarce his noble steed restrains,

The death-mist swims before his eyes
As toward the well-known spot he flies,
Where every fond affection lies.—
Mourn ye, because to home restored
Woman's white arms enwrap her lord,
While tears and smiles with varying grace,
Float o'er his cherub offspring's face ?
—Yet on his path of toil and wo
The pilgrim from his shrine must go,
The ship before the tempest strain,
The warrior seek the field again,
But he, whose flesh the tomb hath found,
Whose spirit soars the ethereal round,
From him hath change and sorrow fled,—
—Why mourn ye then the righteous dead ?—

REMEMBER ME.

When morning from the damps of nigh
Beams o'er the eye in rosy light,
And calls thee forth with smile benign ;
Ah think !—whose heart responds to thine,
And still with sympathy divine
Remember me.

When gentle twilight, pure and calm
Comes leaning on Reflection's arm,
When o'er the throng of cares and woes
Her veil of sober tint she throws
Wooing the spirit to repose,
Remember me.

When the first star, with cresset bright,
Gleams lonely o'er the arch of night,
When through the fleecy clouds that dance
The moon sends forth her timid glance,
Then gazing on that pure expanse,
Remember me.

When mournful sighs the hollow wind
And pensive thought enwraps thy mind,
If e'er thy heart in sorrow's tone
To musing melancholy prone,
Should sigh, because it feels alone,
Remember me.

When stealing to thy secret bower
Devotion claims her holy hour,—
When bowing o'er that sacred page
Whose spirit curbs affliction's rage,
Controls our youth,—sustains our age,
Remember me.

Oh! yet indulge the ardent claim
While Friendship's heart the wish can frame;
For brief and transient is my lay,
And mingling soon with kindred clay
This silent lip, no more shall say
Remember me.

And when in deep oblivion's shade
This breathless, mouldering form is laid,
If near that bed thy step should rove,
With one short prayer, by feeling wove
One glance of faith one tear of love
Remember me.

DEATH OF WOLSEY.

At Leicester Abbey, November 29th, 1530.

The tint of Autumn's closing day,
On Leicester-Abbey shone,
And pensively that fading ray
Gleam'd o'er the fretted stone;
While slowly 'neath its portal arch
The mitred Abbot came,
With crosier leading on the march
Of all his ghostly train.

Each monk in sable stole appear'd,
With studious care array'd,
For tramp of coursers' feet was heard
To echo through the glade.
A martial band, with measured tread,
Approach'd that lone abode,
And sad and silent at their head
The prelate Wolsey rode.

He, at whose nod the noble blood
Of *Buckingham was shed,
That princely peer, who boldly stood
Next to the crowned head;
He, who with arrogance unblamed
St. Peter's chair had eyed,
Alike for wealth and learning famed,
For policy and pride.

* Charles V. Emperor of Germany, at hearing of the execution of Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, said, "The butcher's dog hath worried the fairest hart in England," alluding to the low parentage of Wolsey.

But where the silver cross, and plume?
The costly velvet pall?
The gaudy train to cry, "make room
For my lord cardinal!"
Why doth he, with dejected air,
Thus bend on earth his eye?
And to the Abbot's greeting fair,
Where is the prompt reply?

For faintly was he heard to say
With voice of faultering sound,
"I come these weary bones to lay
Within your hallow'd ground."
His sadness damp'd their welcome free,
With folded arms they stood,
A broken-hearted man was he,
Bereft of earthly good.

Then softly to his guarded cell
The holy vesper stole,
But who the fatal strife may tell
Which rack'd that mighty soul?
Ambition's rankling goad was there
To break the dream of rest,
And death came on with dark despair
To blanch the haughty breast.

What gleam'd upon his glazing sight?
His proud cathedral-towers?
Or York-house, rich with golden light?
Or Richmond's royal bowers?
Did visions of perverted powers
Wake Penitence to pray

With streaming eyes o'er sinful hours ?
Spirit of Mercy, say !

Suffolk and Norfolk, fiery peers,
Their rival's exit blest,
And stern Northumberland with tears
His vengeful joy exprest.
But bluff king Hal with vacant eye
Gazed long on Ann Boleyne,
And in a deep and sorrowing sigh
Forgot his spoused queen.

Yet light as air that monarch's wo,
And lighter still his love,
And ah ! how false his holiest vow
The scaffold oft did prove.—
How vain that king who proudly swerves
From paths by wisdom trod,
But vainer still, the man who serves
His king before his God.

PARTING OF LOVERS.

Ah ! who shall paint the anguish that attends
The parting of fond hearts ? The tear suppress'd
Lest it awake its fellow,—the long sob
Of agony,—the shade involving all
Fair objects, save one brow alone,—where seems
Centred all light and beauty.—When that turns
From the fix'd gaze,—when in dim distance fades

The form,—the shadowy mantle,—the white sail,—
Or when the echo of receding wheels
Dies on the ear—(not like those wheels desired,
When Sisera's mother from the lattice look'd,
Eager the pompous chariot to behold)—
Then the wild egress of imprison'd grief
Defies control.—How sacred every spot
That speaks of the departed,—every scene
Of mutual intercourse,—and every seat
Where he reclined!—The flower which he hath touch'd,
The page, o'er which his eye enamour'd hung,—
Robe, ring, or portrait press upon the heart
Even as his representatives, to swell
The tide of tender sorrow. Every word
Which he hath utter'd,—every varying tone,
And e'en each change of feature, are consign'd
As gems to Memory's casket. Thither flies
The lone heart in its poverty, as turns
The miser to his hoard.
—Yet he who goes,
Hath but the lighter burden. The bright charms
Of Nature's landscape,—graceful hills, and streams
Sparkling and musical,—or crested wave,
Or e'en the buffet of the wintry storm,
The tossing ship,—the busy face of man,—
And pride, that shames the weakness of the heart,
Parry the shafts of anguish.—Still, at times,
Deep sadness overwhelms the wanderer's soul;
And the light tongue of those who idly strive
To laugh away dejection,—is a probe
To the fresh, quivering wound.—Perchance, the morn
Whose kindling blushes tint the uncolour'd sky,

Reminds him of that roseate brow,—now pale,
And bloodless for his sake.—The evening star
Restores those blissful walks,—when *first* he found
That Heaven, as with a wreath of Eden's flowers,
Had bound their sympathies.—The full-orb'd moon
Reveals upon her silver page, those hours
So exquisite to thought,—when speech was sighs;
And new-born Love, like some fair infant roused
From pictured dreams, mingled the timid tear
With the soft certainty of waking bliss.—
Perchance, close-wrapt in the still arms of night,
The lover, when no prying eye is near,
Draws from his bosom's cell, a shining tress,
And presses to his lips; or o'er the brow
Fresh from the pencil of the artist, hangs
And thinks of her, whose prayer may never rise
Without his name.——Yet there 's a sex in hearts,
One loves with strong and passionate embrace;
The other *trusts its all,—stakes life on love,—*
With deathless ardour clasps one idol-prop,
And in its breaking,—*breaks.*

THE FUNERAL.

I saw a dark-robed train, who sadly bare
A lifeless burden toward the house of God.
I enter'd there,—for I had heard 'twas good
To see the end of man. Then slowly woke
The organ's dirge-like strain,—soft—solemn—sweet;—

It's mournful modulation seem'd to breathe
A soul of sorrow o'er the slumbering air,
With its deep-drawn and linked melody
Enforcing tears. But at the words, sublime,
Of Inspiration,—" though we seem to sleep,
As for a moment,—we shall rise, be changed,
And in the twinkling of an eye put on
The victor robe of immortality,"—
Quick, at the warmth of so divine a faith
Vanish'd those tears,—as fleets the transient dew
From the morn's eye.
There lay the form of one
Who many a year had, in that hallowed place,
Constant as came the day which God had bless'd,
Appeared to pay his vows.—Yes,—there he rose,
With reverend front,—and strong, majestic frame,
Where now as powerless as the smitten babe,
He waits for other hands to bear him forth.
Firm at each post of piety and peace
Where Christ hath bade his servants watch, he stood.
Even till the gather'd shades of evening blanch'd
His shuddering temples with unmelting frost.
He had the praise of men who knew to prize
The noiseless tenor of an upright course ;—
And he had drank of sorrow.—Those who shed
The holy charities around his home,
Had long been tenants of the voiceless tomb ;
And from that home, and those bright-shadowing trees.
The lingering solace of his hermit hours,
He by a freak of winged wealth was driven.
But now his head on that cold pillow rests,
Where sleepless anguish dare not plant a thorn.
No more his bruised heart pours strong incense forth

To *Him* who smote it,—nor his lonely tears
Freshen the turf where his loved treasures lay.
—And is there cause to weep, that yon pale clay
Should liberate its tortured prisoner?
Mourn we, because the radiant realms of bliss
Have gain'd a guest?—or that the countless ills
Which poise on vulture wing o'er helpless man,
Have lost a victim? Is it time to weep,
When at this very hour, perchance, the soul
Reads in the sun-bright register of Heaven
The need of all its discipline,—and pours
Its rapturous being forth to the great sire
In one eternal hymn?

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

Pleasure and wealth to our lot may be granted,—
Love may a far-distant mansion endear,—
Yet who can forget the soft soil where were planted,
Those first germs of bliss never wet with a tear?

Rude frowning rocks, Nature's loveliness spurning,
May rise to disfigure the spot of our birth,
But with rapture's warm thrill the glad wanderers returning
Will press their fond lips to their dear native earth.

Green-house exotics may glow in our tresses,
The pride of the florist expire on our breast,
But sweeter are these than the wild-flower that dresses
The vale, by the sports of our infancy blest?

Music with pomp and expression may greet us,—
Still Memory will cherish, melodious and free,
The song of the birds that would warble to meet us,
In childhood's gay season, from thicket and tree.

The clouds may be rich, where the sun is reposing,—
But soon must they shroud him in darkness forlorn,
And the day of our life, though it brighten at closing,
Can never restore the enchantments of morn.

THE BABE OF ST. BERNARD.

'Twas night in good St. Bernard's hall,
And winter held his sway,
And round their fire the monks recall
The perils of the day,

Their fruitless search mid storm and blast,
Some traveller to befriend,
And with the tale of perils past,
A hymn of praise they blend.

When loud at their monastic gate
The dog was heard to moan,
Why doth he wander forth so late,
Unguided and alone ?—

Long on the dreariest Alpine height
Inured to bold pursuit,
His shaggy coat with frost-work white
In rush'd the lordly brute.

And crouching at his master's feet
A burden strange he laid,
A beauteous babe, with aspect sweet,
Close wrapt in silken plaid.

Not she of Egypt's royal blood
Was moved with more surprise,
When from the bosom of the flood,
She heard an infant's cries.

Shelter and rest, and needful food,
The noble dog disdain'd,
But with persuasion fondly rude
The aid of man obtain'd.

They follow, though the tempest raves,
Their trembling torches glow,
O'er cliffs, and gulfs, and travellers' graves,
And trackless wastes of snow.

With fawn and whine their faithful guide
Allured o'er barriers cold,
And leaping from his master's side,
Upraised a garment's fold.

Oh God of Mercy!—what was there,
Enrobed in vestments white?—
What lovely one with brow so fair
Hath dared such fearful night?—

Seal'd was that eye with pencil'd arch,
So exquisitely wrought,
Yet Death had left in hasty march
No trace of torturing thought.

For lingering o'er the pallid face
Was that expression mild,
With which a youthful mother's grace
Doth lull her grieving child.

Those parted lips the babe beloved
Had sooth'd with freezing breath,
And that cold arm's fond curve had proved
His pillow even in death.

Yet still the fatal blasts would rove
Wild through her clustering hair,
Those blasts which to a seraph's love
Had changed a mother's care.

And oh! it was a fearful sight,
As on with measured tread,
O'er many a dark and slippery height,
They bare the beauteous dead.

The infant clasp'd in monkish arms
Sprang from his broken rest,
And eager hid his cherub charms
Deep in her marble breast.

"Boy,—boy,—'tis vain!"—yet fast the tears
O'er furrow'd features ran,
To see how twine with infant years
The miseries of man.

When thrice the morn with sceptre fair
The angry clouds had quell'd,
With mass and dirge and murmur'd prayer
The funeral rites they held.

Ranged in a charnel drear and dim
A lifeless throng appear,
With blacken'd brow, and rigid limb
Embalm'd by frost severe.

Strangers were there from many a clime
Upright in firm array,
Bold men who fell before their time,
The Avalanche's prey.

They placed her in her niche of stone
With meek, reclining head,
And there her beauty strangely shone
A pearl among the dead.

She seem'd like pale, sepulchral lamp,
To light that spectred gloom,
Unquench'd by vapours dense and damp,
That haunt the mouldering tomb.

And now the orphan found a home
Where those lone arches bend,
Throughout that calm, monastic dome
The favorite and the friend.

Soft cradled in their peaceful arms
His evening dream would fleet,
And morn that roused his opening charms
Renew'd their kindness sweet.

For they whom no domestic ties
With gentle force comprest,
Perceived a new affection rise
To glad the hermit breast.

So there his wondrous beauty woke
Amid that hoary throng,
Like rosebud on some rugged oak
Engrafted strange and strong.

In vain they sought of every guest
His parentage to trace,
But his high brow and fearless breast
Bespoke a generous race.

His grateful heart their love repaid,
Contented with its lot,
Nor was his brave deliverer's aid
In cold neglect forgot.

Him, by the fire he fondly placed,
With flowers his head would deck,
And oft with ivory arms embraced
His huge and stately neck.

That noble dog his sports would share,
Observant when he smiled,
Or rousing with a lion's air
Would guard the trusting child,

Who seated on his brawny back
Oft ventured down the steep
With tiny staff to search the track
Mid snowy valleys deep.

Their home amid this realm of frost,
These men devout had made,
To seek the wandering, save the lost,
And lend the dying aid.

Alike on every wretch distrest
Their dew of mercy falls,
And many a traveller's soul hath blest
St. Bernard's holy walls.

Thus nurtured by the men of heaven,
This idol of their care
To every hallow'd work was given,
Of pity or of prayer.—

When from the glacier's gulfs profound,
The wreck of life was drawn,
Or broke beneath some snowy mound
The sleep of death forlorn;

The arts to sooth such pangs severe
Those little hands would ply;
And sometimes as he toil'd, a tear
Swam in his lucid eye.

Fair boy!—what woes thy bosom stir,
Thus on thy bended knee?—
Say,—dost thou shed those tears for her
Who gave her life for thee?

Oft too, at vesper's holy call,
When day's departing beam
Pour'd lingering o'er the statued wall
A rich and radiant stream,

His blue eye beam'd with such a ray
Of pure and saintlike joy,
The monks would cross themselves and say,
That angels loved the boy.

But once, when Spring with aspect meek,
Smiled on dissolving snows,
His mother's paleness mark'd his cheek,
And to her arms he rose.

CHILLY M'INTOSH.

'Twas night.—The traitor chief reposed
Where shades involved his cabin deep,
Stretch'd on his couch, his eye was closed,
But say,—*can Treachery sleep ?*—
Yes !—while forbearing Heaven extends
Her smile to all,
While morning's purple tinge she lends
And spreads mild evening's balmy pall,
And bids the dews of mercy fall
Alike on foes and friends,
Man sins and sleeps.—
While Nature like a pitying matron weeps,
And spares her erring son ;
From his devoted head the lightning charms,
And gives him shelter in her sacred arms ;
Still guilt dreams on,
And still his harden'd breast from conscience shields,
Till brief probation's hour to retribution yields.—

MacIntosh slept.—But near his home
Were the steps of a hostile train,
Like the rush of a mountain stream *they* come,
Who never strike in vain.

Springing from his broken dream
Darkly wild his elf-locks stream,
And his smooth tongue vow'd deceitfully,
But on his lip the falsehood dies,
The death-flash echoes to the skies,
And *where is he?*—
Gone to red Comyn's soul!—who sold
His native land for sordid gold,
On Falkirk's fatal fields;—
Gone to black Arnold's tortured ghost,
Who wandering o'er perdition's coast,
And beckoning to his spectre host,
A traitor welcome yields.

The warriors turn'd them from the dead,
In silence sternly back they sped,
No sign of vengeful joy they made;
They would not name his name
Who died that death of shame;
For in their hearts the trace was strong
When he to battle led their throng
And they his word obey'd;
Now shame and sorrow mark'd each manly face,
A chieftain's crime they mourn'd,—a nation's dire disgrace.

Morn rose upon their voiceless grief,
When to the front of their array,
Advanced a hoary-headed chief,
Sad was his heart that day.—
"Down, he said,—to the withering tomb,
The scorner of your law hath gone,
Our women shall record his doom,
Blanching with cold and fearful gloom
The brow of children yet unborn.

Oh, that his deeds might with his flesh decay!—
That when the hoarse raven hath dealt to her brood
The last foul drop of his false heart's blood,
His crime could be wash'd away.—
But look at the mounds where your fathers sleep,
At the forests and vales where your children play,
And the curse of your souls must be long and deep
On the wretch who hath barter'd *all* away.

The bird finds a nest in the thicket's green shade,
The beaver may lodge in the hut he hath made,
But where will *ye* hide when the summer hath fled?—
Say,—where is *your* home, save the house of the dead?—
When a few more suns at yon western goal,
In a flood of burning gold shall roll,
When a few more moons with their slender horn
In the curtain'd cells of the east are born,
With my mother earth I shall take my rest,
And my spirit speed on to the land of the blest.—
But ye, outcast race, your deep despair
Shall cling to my soul mid the fields of air,
It shall spread a cloud where the sky is fair,—
For tears of sorrow in heaven *have been*
O'er the guilt, and the wrongs, and the woes of men."—

He paused,—his white head tower'd more high,
As if communing with the sky,—
Then, as when thunders break
The warring cloud,—he spake.—
"Swear, that ye will not shed
The blood of white men!—for *their* hand hath traced
The gospel's glorious path amid life's dreary waste,
Hath given to cheer you, though you exiled roam,
A faith that hath power o'er the world to come.—

Swear, that ye will not tread
A foreign soil!—but 'neath the invader's frown,
Upon the earth ye till'd will stretch ye down,
And pine away beneath your own dear sky.—
Swear! on your children's lands to die,—
Swear! that your bones shall rest where your dead fathers lie."

Deep moan'd their oath upon the blast,
Red, straining eyes to Heaven were cast,
And when those iron foreheads press'd the sod,
It seem'd as if stern spirits breathed their last
Into the ear of God.—
Back to their lowly homes they turn'd,
A noble race! though crush'd and spurn'd;
Yet heard *He* not their voice that day
Who hates the oppressor's sway,—
Bids the lone valleys rise, and mountain-billows stay!—

SAUL.

I hear the shouts at Mizpeh. Wild they swell
Upon the summer air,—and the green hills
Methinks do clap their hands and echo forth
"God save the King!"—
——I thought that God was King
Of Israel;—*He* who snatch'd them from the chains
Of their swarth house of bondage, through the wild
Their footsteps marshall'd,—gave their murmuring lips
The bread of heaven, and led them to a land

Of beauty and of bliss. I thought their vow
Was pour'd o'er Shechem's pillar to his ear
Who in their mansions stay'd the astonish'd Sun,
And night's pale queen, to gaze upon the work
That heaven appointed him. That warrior joy'd
Amid their convocation, when he heard
The solemn vow from willing thousands break,
" Jehovah is our King !—and him alone
Shall Israel serve."—
——Who is yon hoary man
With arms close folded on his reverend breast,
Who seems in mournful thought while crowds exult?
Know ye not him, who by his mother's prayer
In infancy's sweet dream was consecrate ?—
Who 'neath the holy temple's lonely arch,
When nought was waking save the solemn stars,
Heard the Eternal speak, as sire to son ?—
Low his majestic head in grief declines,
As if he ponder'd o'er the sever'd links
Of lost Theocracy,—or sad revolved
His nation's madness, and their God's offence.
Anon, his mind prophetic mid the throngs
Of unborn people roves,—the nameless ills
Of power despotic,—till from his sunk eye
Rolls the big, burning tear drop.—
——Who is he,
With head more lofty than the countless crowd
Who gaze upon him,—and with brow so bright
In manly beauty ?—The anointing oil
Pour'd by the pale hand of that sorrowing seer,
The crown that dazzles on those temples fair,
The thundering shout that sweeps the vaulted sky,
Best answer thee.—

——Years speed their silent course.
I see a palace, and a vassal train,
Proud chariots roll, and regal splendors glow,
And haughty guards surround the vaulted throne.
But is the glory of a land best told
By gaudes like these?—Or doth the crowned brow
Sleep sweeter than the labouring hind who steals
Weary, to his hard pallet?—
——What hath dimm'd
The royal smile?—And stamp'd the darken'd seal
Of moody madness on that straining eye?—
There is a shepherd's harp in these high halls,
And the demoniac monarch loves its tone
Of tender minstrelsy,—yet hates the hand
That calls it forth. Oh King! the curse hath fallen
On thee, and on thy people. Thou dost writhe
Beneath the empoison'd purple.—
——Look once more!—
There is another change. Proud hosts rush on
To battle, the bold war-horse spurns the ground,
Philistia's champions shake the glittering spear,
And Israel 'neath the banner of her king,
Frowns deep defiance.—Throng'd Gilboa quakes
At the dread onset.—Mid the thickest fight
I see the royal robe, the towering port
Of him, the crown'd at Mizpeh.—From the host
Of darkest dangers, from the direst foes
That lion-hearted monarch turns not back,
Nor his good sword declines.—
But lo! he stands
Alone, amid the slain.—One look he casts,
Accusing and despairing, up to Heaven,
Then rushes on his sword.—

——That wound hath quell'd
The last pulsation of a mighty heart,
And weeping thousands wail o'er slaughter'd Saul.

"YE SHALL SEEK ME IN THE MORNING, BUT I SHALL NOT BE."

The friend who taught my infant tongue
Its broken utterance to combine,
Who bending o'er my slumbers sung
Her cradle-hymn with smile benign,
Who in my childish sports would share
The gayest laugh, the wildest glee,
And in my hour of youthful care
Dispel its sadness,—where is she ?—

The morning o'er the gilded grove
Bright on the kindling landscape fell,
I sought her where she oft did rove
In want and sorrow's lonely cell ;—
I sought her in the hallow'd dome
Where sabbath bells peal'd loud and clear,
I sought her in her peaceful home
But heard no more her welcome dear.

I sate me in her custom'd seat,
But there her book unopen'd lay,
Her garden breathed its fragrance sweet
From thousand shrubs and flowrets gay,
Her lillies pale did graceful bend,
Her green vine clasp'd its favorite tree,

But she who used those sweets to tend,
And love their beauty,—where was she ?—

Sighing, I sought that lonely place,
Where cypress shades the sleeping dust,
Where grieved affection oft may trace
The idols of its fondest trust :—
The cold dews bathed a narrow mound,
The tall, rank grass waved wide and free,
The sweeping gale return'd a sound,
And seem'd to echo—" where is she ?"—

But answering to my wounded breast
Methought a hovering spirit said,
" Thou who dost break this holy rest
To seek the living mid the dead,
Thy Guide is risen !"—Deep silence fell !—
Awe struck my heart unknown before,—
No more shall impious grief rebel,
This murmuring lip presume no more.—

" Thy Guide is risen !"—'Tis well !—'Tis well !—
Her heart was in a higher sphere,
For harps of angels seem'd to swell
Congenial on her earthly ear ;—
Her home was not where storms resound,
Where discord waves a blood-stain'd rod,
Where sorrow stalks his hourly round,—
Her home was heaven,—she rose to God.

THE ALPINE FLOWERS.

Meek dwellers mid yon terror-stricken cliffs!
With brows so pure, and incense-breathing lips,
Whence are ye?—Did some white wing'd messenger
On Mercy's missions trust your timid germ
To the cold cradle of eternal snows?
Or breathing on the callous icicles
Bid them with tear-drops nurse ye?—
—Tree nor shrub
Dare that drear atmosphere,—no polar pine
Uprears a veteran front,—yet there *ye* stand,
Leaning your cheeks against the thick ribb'd ice,
And looking up with brilliant eyes to Him
Who bids you bloom unblanch'd amid the waste
Of desolation. Man, who panting toils
O'er slippery steeps, or trembling treads the verge
Of yawning gulfs, o'er which the headlong plunge
Is to Eternity, looks shuddering up,
And marks ye in your placid loveliness
Fearless, yet frail, and clasping his chill hands
Blesses your pencil'd beauty. Mid the pomp
Of mountain summits rushing on the sky,
And chaining the rapt soul in breathless awe,
He bows to bind you drooping to his breast,
Inhales your spirit from the frost-wing'd gale,
And freer dreams of Heaven.

TO THE EYE.

Sublime ambassador from soul to soul!—
By thee Hope sends her passport,—Hate defies,—
Genius a flood ethereal bids roll,
And Love speaks what the treacherous tongue denies.

To thee, all languages of earth are known,
Unbought by student's toil thy science flows,
Alike to thee the hovel or the throne,
The sands of Afric, or the polar snows.—

When Grief her darts of agony doth hurl,
Ruling the heated brain with baneful sway,
Thou, through thy silent, mystic gate of pearl,
Dost kindly give the liquid sorrow way.

When man the weary hours of Pain does tell,
Worn down with sickness or consumed by care,
Thou, to the calmness of thy fringed cell
Dost woo sweet slumber, and his strength repair.

At that dread hour when soul and body part,
When with an icy seal the lip is bound,
Thou bear'st the message of the expiring heart
To lover and to friend, who weep around.

But *holiest* is thy *last* deputed care,—
When this frail vesture seeks its native clod,
To pour Devotion's deep and voiceless prayer
In trembling glances to a pardoning God.

JOY PURCHASED BY SORROW.

"The Pascal-lamb was eaten with bitter herbs, to shew us that there is no arriving at joy, but through the gate of sorrow."

PASCAL.

The joy of love,—which like the sun,
Gilds the brief cloud of wo,—
How may that halcyon gift be won?—
Go! ask of those who know.—
They say, that on the slippery steep
The flowret grew,
And hearts that throb, and eyes that weep
Win it, bright with morning dew,—
That sleepless souls with jealous care
Must guard it from the nipping air,—
That sighs will flow.—
And the fond breast be sick with fears,
Lest the rude breath of fleeting years
Might lay its idol low.—

The joy of wealth!—'tis built on pride;
Yet they who win can tell,
Of dangers 'neath the golden tide,
Of heights whence thousands fell,
Of quicksands 'neath the treacherous wave,
Of labors in some baneful clime
Which waste of health the balmy prime,
Or ope the untimely grave.

The joy of knowledge!—Ask the sage
The worth of all his toil,
The watching o'er the midnight oil
Gave youth the hue of age.

Perchance disease his strength impairs,
Or memory trembles on her throne:
Haste!—ask the price of all his cares,
Alas!—the treasure 's gone.

The joy of heaven!—'Tis bought with prayers,
With deeds that shun the view,
With penitential tears and cares
Which worldlings never knew:—
When earth-born pleasures spread their wings,
Or hide them in the tomb,
From the damp soil of sorrow springs
The bud of deathless bloom.

ON HEARING A YOUNG LADY DEFEND THE CAUSE OF MATRIMONY.

'Tis sweet to hear those lips of rose
The cause of holy wedlock pleading,
While wit his dazzling weapon throws,
Advancing now,—and now receding.—

'Tis sweet to see that sparkling eye
The bosom's sacred warmth confessing,
Where sleep those germs of sympathy
Whose fragrance heightens every blessing.—

And sweet to know that gentle heart
So skill'd to sooth the hour of sadness,
And charm from pain the envenom'd dart,
Would bid life's current flow with gladness.

Home is man's ark when trouble springs,
When gathering tempests shade his morrow,
And woman's love the bird that brings
His peace-branch o'er a flood of sorrow.

God gave the bond of hearts at first
To be the crown of Eden's pleasure,
And sure, since earth with thorns was curst,
It boasts no purer, prouder treasure.

OPINIONS OF THE UNEDUCATED DEAF AND DUMB.

"I thought the sun was a soldier, and that he governed over all mankind every day.—I was much troubled at the heat of the sun. I told my sister that he was cruel to us.—I believed that he was very artful.

———When I was walking alone, the half-moon followed me, and I did not wish her to come.—I thought that I was deaf and dumb,—and she was very curious.—When I went to my chamber, I extinguished my candle, and was afraid of her. I shut the windows all night, because I disliked to be seen by her.—I was very anxious to find refuge.—I advised her not to follow me, but she was still obstinate.———There were many stars in the sky which were very pleasant. Why did they stay there?—I talked with my soul.—I went out of the house and contemplated that they had large parties pleasantly in the evening.—They were riding, while they held their beautiful candles in their hands.—*Eighth Report of the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb.*

And didst thou fear the queen of night?
Poor mute and musing child!—
She who with silver light
Gladdens the loneliest wild?—

Her, the stern savage marks serene,
Chequering his clay-built cabin scene,—
Her, the polar natives bless,
Bowing low in gentleness
To bathe in liquid beam their rayless night,
Her, the lone sailor, while his watch he keeps,
Hails, as her fair lamp gilds the troubled deeps,
Cresting each snowy wave that o'er its fellow sweeps;
Even the lost maniac loves her light,
Murmuring to her with fixed eye
Wild symphonies he knows not why.—
Sad was thy fate, my child, to see
In nature's gentlest friend, a foe severe to thee.

Seem'd she with keen intent,
And glance too rudely bent,
Thy secret wo to spy?—
Haunting thy hermit path
For what thou fain would'st hide from every eye,
Thy bosom's burden and thy Maker's wrath?—
The ear in durance bound,—
The lip divorced from sound,
Seem'd to thy innocent mind, a cause of blame,
A strange, peculiar, deprecated shame;
Nature's unkindness, thou didst meekly deem
Thy *blemish* and thy *crime*, which marr'd thy peaceful dream.
To thee, the sun was as a warrior bold,
Terrific, pitiless, of sway severe,
With fiery armour, and a car of gold,
Tyrant of this lower sphere.—

And when with toil his head declines,
And at his western gate his crimson banner shines,
Thou thought'st some conflagrated city drank
The lightning of his ire, and into ashes shrank.
Thou could'st not hear the sound
From the moss-sprinkled ground,
Where every tender leaflet tells the whispering gale
He is my sire;
From lowly vale
Up to his throne of fire
Each timid bud that blows,
The humblest violet and the palest rose
Fondly left the grateful eye,
Glittering with dewy tears, or bright with rainbow die.
Thou knew'st not that the drooping plant revives
At his paternal smile, and in his mercy lives,
Nor that the earth, her vernal warmth restored,
Blossoms at his embrace, and hails her genial lord.

Thou with the sparkling stars did'st converse hold,
Which to thy wondering sight,
Were as gay creatures form'd of earthly mould
Who revel through the sleepless night,
Each holding to her sister's eye
Her flambeau bright,
And riding joyous through the sky
On steeds of light;—
Till creeping dawn like beldame grey,
Dimm'd their zones, and roused the day.
Being of lonely thought!—The world to thee
Was a deep maze,—and all things moving on
In darkness and in mystery.—But *He*
Who made these beauteous forms which fade anon,

What was He ?—From thy brow the roses fled
At that eternal question, fathomless and dread.—

Yet childhood's bliss was in thine eye,
And over thy features gay would rove
That eloquent sensibility
Which wakens love.
A mother's fond caress,
A sister's tenderness,
Bade through thy breast full tides of pleasure run ;
A father's prayer would bless
His dear and voiceless one,—
Yet pensive bending o'er thy sleeping bed
For thee, their mingled tears in sympathy were shed.

Oh ! snatch'd from ignorance and pain,
And taught with seraph eye
At yon unmeasured orbs to gaze,
And trace amid their quenchless blaze
Thy own high destiny ;
Forever bless the hands that burst thy chain,
And led thy doubtful steps to Learning's hallow'd fane.

Though from thy guarded portal press
No word of gratitude or tenderness,
In the starting tear,—the glowing cheek
With tuneful tongue the *soul* can speak,
Her tone is in the sigh,
Her language in the eye,
Her voice of harmony, a life of praise,
Well understood by *Him* who notes our secret ways.

THE FUNERAL OF A MOTHER.

I saw the soul's big tear in manhood's eye,—
O'er youth's fair cheek, the shade of filial wo,
And heard sad echoing to the clouded sky,
The mournful knell in dirge-like measures flow.

And there SHE lay, for whom such grief awoke,
Rent from the world while all around was fair—
Ere from her brow the flush of health had broke,
Or wasting years had worn their trace of care.—

Oh God!—if 'tis a bitter thing to die,
To creeping age, neglected and forlorn,
What must it be where every tender tie
Is fresh and clustering in its balmy morn?

Yes,—there she lay! and round her coffin'd bed
Burst forth the piercing wail of infant woes,
While "Mother!—Mother!" fill'd the ear with dread,
As from those nurslings' ruby lips it rose.—

And was there aught amid that hearsed gloom,
In youth's fond tear, or manhood's deeper groan,
In smitten beauty, or the yawning tomb,
That smote the soul like their wild, wailing tone?

For who to them the heart's deep void shall fill,
Watch o'er their cradle couch with sleepless care,
Lure the first lisp,—and sooth the fancied ill,
Check the young fault, and bless the trembling prayer?

A Mother's love !—Go ask the buds that live
By heaven's pure dew on yonder parching hill,
Ask the pale flower that summer suns revive,
For some faint emblem of that holy thrill ;

The fickle dews may shun the plant that pines,
The lofty Sun forget the flowery glen,—
A Mother's love with death alone declines,—
And say ye white robed angels—*dies it then?*

HOPE AND MEMORY.

Sweet friend of man !—whose airy form,
With eye of azure ray,
Is seen through every gathering storm,
Companion of his way,

Thou, on his infant lip dost press
Thy signet with a smile,
And on through nature's weariness
His pilgrimage beguile.

When disappointments wake regret,
Or dangers threaten loud,
He scarce can shrink, ere thou dost set
Thy rainbow on the cloud.

He scarce can weep, ere thou art nigh
To prism the falling tear,
To snatch the half unutter'd sigh
And paint thy visions clear.

But chiefly, when the dying saint
On his last couch reclines,
When lights of earth are dim and faint
Thy brightest lustre shines.

Thy smile is glorious to his eye,
Thy brow like seraph fair,
Thou point'st his journey to the sky
But *may'st not follow there.*

Thy friendship soften'd mortal ill
Thy worth was drawn from wo,—
So thou wert nourish'd by a rill
Which *there* can never flow.

Well pleased wert thou to cheer the toil,
Beguile the short pursuit,
And sow bright seeds in sorrow's soil
That man might reap the fruit.

But when his beating pulse declines,
Thy own is chill and dead,
And ere his resurrection shines,
Thy taper's ray hath fled.

Yet *one* there is, who braves the blast,
When Hope oblivious sleeps,
Whose glance averted, loves the past,
Whose hand its record keeps.

She gilds no fairy scenes for youth;
No flight with fancy takes,
But in the holy cell of truth
Her meek pavilion makes.

The key she guards, with wary eye,
Where knowledge hides her store,
To conscience gives the unfading die,
Which glows when life is o'er.

The wise, the virtuous love to wait
Within her silent bower,
The thoughtless shun, the fickle hate,
The guilty dread her power.

When death's dark curtain veils the eyes,
Resplendent glows her ray,
And when the unrobed spirit flies
She shares its unknown way.

Through the drear valley hung with gloom,
She bears her guarded scroll,
And spreads it at the bar of doom
While justice weighs the soul.

Dauntless she treads the troubled sphere
Of undefined despair,
And they who stain'd her record *here*
Must feel her vengeance *there*.

If Mercy to a glorious land
The pardon'd soul invite,
She hovers round that perfect band
Who dwell in cloudless light.

And oft her tablet's varied trace
Of mortal care and pain,
From angel harps to God shall raise
The loudest, sweetest strain.

Sweet Hope! we bless thy gentle aid
To earth and sorrow given;—
But Memory! dear, immortal maid,
Thy worth is known in heaven.

LATIMER AND RIDLEY.

Fled was the blaze of summer. Autumn's breath
Had scarcely curl'd the leaf, that o'er the tide
Of silver Isis hung. Up through the mass
Of woven foliage gleam'd the holy spires,
The dim, monastic turrets,—stately towers,
And classic domes, where throned Science points
Back through the incumbent cloud of buried years
To Alfred's boasted name. But a rude throng
Come gathering o'er this scenery, to throw
A blot upon its purity and peace.—
Dark brows are there,—and blood-shot fiery eyes,
And preparations dire, as for some scene
Of ignominious death; while all around
The sparkling waters, and serener skies,
And shadow of umbrageous elms, allured
The soul to mercy, and to musing thought.
—But man heeds not, though pitying nature smile,
And in her holiness and beauty seem
As if she knelt, and breathed upon his heart,
To win him from his purpose.
—Through the crowd
Triumphant led, moves on a noble form,
Majestic of demeanor, and array'd
In sacerdotal robe.

—Those temples bear
Proud London's mitre, and that lip which oft
Warn'd with warm eloquence a tearful throng
'Neath some Cathedral's awe-imposing arch,
Now in its deep adversity essays
The same blest theme. With brutal haste they check
The unfinish'd sentence,—*they* who used to crouch
To his high fortunes,—and perchance to share
His flowing charity. Smitten on the mouth,
In silent dignity of soul he stands,
Unanswering, though reviled.
—Lo! at his side,
Worn out with long imprisonment, they place
The venerable Latimer. Bow'd down
With age, he totters, but his soul is firm,—
And his fix'd eye, like the first martyr's, seems
To scan the opening heavens. The gazing throng,
The stake, the faggot, and the jeering priest
Are nought to him. Wrapp'd in his prison garb,
The scorn of low malignity is he,
Whom pomp and wealth had courted,—at whose voice
The pious Edward wept that childlike tear
Which works the soul's salvation,—and his sire,
Boisterous and swoln with passion, stood reproved
As a chain'd lion.
—Now the narrow space
'Tween life and death, the dial's point hath run,—
And quick with sacrilegious hands they bind
The dedicated victims.
—He who seem'd
Bent low with years, now rose erect and firm,
To give away his spirit joyously,—

And throwing off his prison garments, stood
In fair, white robes, as on his spousal day.
And Ridley,—in whose veins the pulse beat strong
With younger life,—girded himself to bear
The burning of his flesh,—while holy hope
Drew in blest vision o'er his swimming sight
The noble army of those martyr'd souls,
Which round heaven's altar wait.
—With wreathing spire
Up went the crackling flame,—and that old man
Forgetful of his anguish, boldly cried
—" Courage, my brother !—we this day will light
Such fire in christendom, as ne'er shall die."
—Then on that wither'd lip an angel's smile
Settled,—and life went out as pleasantly
As on a bed of down.
—But Ridley felt
A longer sorrow. Oft with sighs and prayers,
He gave his soul to God, ere the dire flame
Would solve the gordian knot which bound it fast
To tortured clay. Then fell the blacken'd corse
Prone at the feet of Latimer, who raised
Still to the heavens his brow, as if he said,
—" My children !—fear not them who crush the frame,
But cannot harm the soul."
—Almost it seem'd
As if in death, the younger christian strove,
By that deep posture of humility
To pay *him* homage, who had been his guide
And father in the gospel.
—'Twas a sight
To curb demoniac rage. Yet some there were

Who deem'd such heretics might ne'er atone
To holy mother church their sinful doubts,
By fires on earth, and quenchless fires beneath.
Still o'er some brows a shade like pity stole,
Gardiner seem'd satiate,—while the hollow eye
Of persecuting Bonner flashed delight
Too great for words.
—But stifled tones were heard
From murmuring groups,—and bitterly they mourn'd
For good king Edward to his grave gone down
In sanctity,—and then the mutter'd curse
Fell deep upon that popish Queen, who fed
The fires of Smithfield with the blood of saints,
And dared to light in Oxford's* hallow'd vales
Her bigot flame. There was a little band
Who sad and silent sought their homes and wept
O'er their loved prelates,—yet no railing word
Or vengeful purpose breath'd,—but waiting stood
For their own test of conscience and of faith,
Inflexible,—and strong in heart to join
The martyr'd host. *This was the flock of Christ.*

ON THE TRANSLATION OF MILTON

INTO THE LANGUAGE OF ICELAND, BY THOLASKEN, A NATIVE POET.

Clime by the tyrant North embraced,
And scourged by Ocean's wildest ire!
Who, mid thine intellectual waste,
Would seek to find poetic fire?

* Latimer, bishop of Worcester, and Ridley, bishop of London, were burnt at Oxford, near Baliol-College,—October 16th, 1555.

That inborn lustre of the mind,
Electric genius, bright and free,
That diamond of a world refined,
Say,—who would dream to find in thee?

True,—mocking nature bids to gush
Thy boiling founts from frozen veins,
And red volcanic splendors rush
Terrific o'er thine ice-clad plains,—
But who, amid thy dwindled race
Such sport sublime would hope to see?—
Who mid thy *moral desert* trace
Such contradicting majesty?

Yet Thule!—like that summit dread
Where Hecla lights his torch of fire,
Thine own Thorlasken lifts his head,
And nobly rules a master's lyre.
The melody of Milton's strains
He with adventurous skill essays,
And boldly o'er thine awe-struck plains
The pomp of angel war arrays.

Great bard!—whose outward eye was sealed
That holier light within might beam,
Who to the prompting muse did'st yield
The fervor of thy nightly dream,
Say,—could thy prophet glance descry
What realms remote should seek thy shrine?
What barbarous tongues to thee reply?
What tuneful harps be waked by thine?

Souls in the world's wild vortex tost,
Souls to the car of Mammon chain'd,
Could scornful look on Eden lost,
Or coldly mark its joys regain'd;—
Thy niggard age denied the claim,—
Yet knew'st thou of thy slighted lay,
The guerdon was *immortal fame*
Which proud posterity would pay.

THE DEAD HORSEMAN.

Occasioned by reading the manner of carrying a young man to burial, on the back of a horse, in the mountainous region about Vettie's Giel in Norway, in a road on the precipitous declivity of a mountain, so narrow that two persons cannot pass abreast.

Who 's riding o'er the Giel so fast,
Mid the crags of Utledale?
He heeds nor cold, nor storm, nor blast,
Though his cheek is deadly pale.

A fringe of pearl from his eye-lash long
The wintry frost hath hung,
And his sinewy arm seems bold and strong,
Yet his brow is smooth and young.

O'er his marble forehead in clusters bright
Is wreath'd his golden hair,
His robe is of linen long and white,
Though a mantle of fur scarce could bide the blight
Of this keen and frosty air.

God speed thee now, thou horseman bold!
For the tempest awakes in wrath,
And thy stony eye is fix'd and cold
As the glass of thine icy path.

Down, down the precipice wild he breaks,
Where the foaming waters roar,
And his way up the cliff of the mountain takes,
Where man never trod before.

No checking hand to the rein he lends
On frost-clad summits sheen,
But ever and aye his head he bends
As they plunge in some dark ravine.

Dost thou bow in thy prayer to the God who guides
Thy course o'er such pavement frail?
Or nod in thy dream o'er the steep where glides
The slippery brook with its curdling tides,
Thou horseman, so young and pale?

Swift over the face of the frozen streams
Toward Lyster Church he hies,
Whose holy spire mid the mountains, gleams
Like a star in troubled skies.

Now stay! thou ghastly traveller, stay!
Here pause in thy mad career,—
Be the guilt of thy bosom as dark as it may,
Thou surely canst purge it here.

But on, like the winged blast, he wends,
Where the bones of the dead are laid,—
Where the sigh of a mourning group ascends
From the depth of that cypress shade.

At a pit he stay'd, whose narrow brink
Mid swollen snow was grooved,—
The trembling steed from that chasm did shrink,
But the rider sat unmoved.

They bare him sad from his lonely seat,
His father bound his head,—
And they laid him low in that dark retreat,
And breath'd, in accents simply sweet,
The dirge for the youthful dead.

With pride, in a life of toil severe,
His hardy breast had glow'd,
And it scorn'd, in the ease of the slothful bier,
To pass to its last abode.

But his own loved steed, which his hands had drest
In the mirth of his boyhood's day,
By the load of his lifeless limbs was prest,
As he sped to his home of clay.

Yet oft to the depths of yon rock-barr'd dell,
Where no ray from heaven hath glow'd,
Where the thundering rush of the Markefoss fell,
The trembling child shall point and tell
How that fearful horseman rode.

THE PILGRIMS.

How slow yon tiny vessel ploughs the main!—
Amid the heavy billows now she seems

A toiling atom,—then from wave to wave
Leaps madly, by the tempest lash'd,—or reels
Half wreck'd, through gulfs profound.
—Moons wax and wane,
But still that lonely traveller treads the deep.—
—I see an ice-bound coast toward which she steers
With such a tardy movement, that it seems
Stern Winter's hand hath turn'd her keel to stone,
And seal'd his victory on her slippery shrouds.—
—They land!—They land!—not like the Genoese
With glittering sword and gaudy train, and eye
Kindling with golden fancies.—Forth they come
From their long prison,—hardy forms that brave
The world's unkindness,—men of hoary hair,
And virgins of firm heart, and matrons grave
Who hush the wailing infant with a *glance*.—
Bleak Nature's desolation wraps them round,
Eternal forests, and unyielding earth,
And savage men, who through the thickets peer
With vengeful arrow.—What could lure their steps
To this drear desert?—Ask of him who left
His father's home to roam through Haran's wilds,
Distrusting not the Guide who call'd him forth,
Nor doubting, though a stranger, that his seed
Should be as Ocean's sands.—
—But yon lone bark
Hath spread her parting sail.—
They crowd the strand,
Those few, lone pilgrims.—Can ye scan the wo
That wrings their bosoms, as the last, frail link
Binding to man, and habitable earth
Is sever'd?—Can ye tell what pangs were there,

What keen regrets, what sickness of the heart,
What yearnings o'er their forfeit land of birth,
Their distant, dear ones?—
Long, with straining eye
They watch the lessening speck.—Heard ye no shriek
Of anguish, when that bitter loneliness
Sank down into their bosoms?—No! they turn
Back to their dreary, famish'd huts, and pray!—
Pray,—and the ills that haunt this transient life
Fade into air.—Up in each girded breast
There sprang a rooted and mysterious strength,—
A loftiness,—to face a world in arms,—
To strip the pomp from sceptres,—and to lay
Upon the sacred altar, the warm blood
Of slain affections, when they rise between
The soul and God.—
—And can ye deem it strange
That from *their* planting such a branch should bloom
As nations envy?—Would a germ embalm'd
With prayer's pure tear-drops, strike no deeper root
Than that which mad ambition's hand doth strew
Upon the winds, to reap the winds again?
Hid by its veil of waters, from the hand
Of greedy Europe, their bold vine spread forth
In giant strength.—
—Its early clusters crush'd
In England's wine-press, gave the tyrant host
A draught of deadly wine.——Oh! ye who boast
In your free veins the blood of sires like these,
Lose not their lineaments.—Should Mammon cling
Too close around your heart,—or wealth beget
That bloated luxury which eats the core

From manly virtue,—or the tempting world
Make faint the christian purpose in your soul,
Turn ye to Plymouth's beach,—and on that rock
Kneel in *their* foot-prints, and renew the vow
They breath'd to God.

REMONSTRANCE OF THE CREEK INDIANS

AGAINST BEING REMOVED FROM THEIR OWN TERRITORY.

See ye those mounds so green and fair,
Where rest the dews, where smiles the sky ?
There sleeps our father's dust, and there
Our own shall lie.

See ye these vales ? Our children rose
Like plants within their peaceful glade,
And where our lifeless forms repose
Shall theirs be laid.

Dark are their brows, and wild they rove
Unnurtur'd o'er their native earth,
Yet deep their rugged bosoms love
Their land of birth.

Drive them not hence !—they only ask
Their humble cabin's roof to rear,
And ply the hunter's dangerous task
With toil severe :—

To sow with corn the furrow'd glade,
Dejected sigh o'er buried years,
And sooth their frowning heroes' shade,
With bitter tears.

Though mid those woods no deer should roam,
Nor fish within these waters glide,
Though haggard famine haunt their home,
And quell their pride.

Though hatred arm oppressive foes,
And war invade their sad retreat,
Still, where their *earliest* breath arose,
Their last shall fleet.

CARLOMAN AND MEROVEE.

An ancient Franconian legend.

'Twas midnight on the Gaulish plains,
And foes were mustering near,
For there Franconia's legions frown'd
With battle axe and spear.

Untented on the earth they lay
Beneath a summer sky,—
While on their slumbering host, the Moon
Look'd down with wistful eye,

As if reproachfully she sigh'd
"Oh ye of transient breath!—
How can ye rise from rest so sweet
To do the deeds of death!"—

Discoursing mid the sleeping train
Two noble youths were found;
Their graceful limbs recumbent thrown
Upon the dewy ground.—

Bold Carloman's undaunted mien
A hero's spirit shew'd,
Though Beauty on his lip and brow
Had made her soft abode.—

And Merovee's dark, hazle eye
With flashing fire was bright,
As thus with flowing words he charm'd
The leaden ear of night.

"Methinks 't were sweet once more to see
Our native forest shade,
And the wild streamlet leaping free
Along the sparkling glade,

"With merry shout, at peep of dawn,
The hunter's toil to join,
Or in the tiny boat launch forth
And rule the billowy Rhine."—

He paused,—but Carloman replied,
"Lurks not some spell behind?—
Why doth thy courtier-tongue delay
To name fair Rosalind?—

"Those raven locks, that lofty brow,
That ebon eye of pride,
With firm, yet tender glance, might well
Beseem a warrior's bride."

With trembling voice, he scarce pursued,
"Why should we shrink to say
How much we both have loved the maid?—
Yet on our parting day

"Her farewell words to me were kind,
They flow'd in silver tone,
But ah!—the tear-drop of the soul
Was shed for thee alone.—

"If in tomorrow's bloody fray,
I slumber with the slain,
And thou survive, with joy to greet
Our native vales again,

"Oh bear to her so long adored
My dying wish,"—in vain
To weave the tissued thoughts he strove,
For tears fell down like rain.

Thrice Merovee the mourner's hand
Wrung hard, and would have said,
"Fear not that Love's insidious shaft
Shall strike our friendship dead!"—

He thrice essay'd,—yet still was mute;—
Then loosed his bossy shield,
And laid him down as if to sleep
Upon the verdant field.

He laid him down,—but wakeful wo
His weary heart amazed,
And by the pale moon's waning ray
On Carloman he gazed.

The pastimes of their boyish years,
The confidence of youth,
And holy Friendship's treasured vow
Of everlasting truth,

Came thronging o'er his generous soul,
And ere the dawn of day,
Up from his restless couch he rose,
And wander'd lone away.

But Carloman in broken sleep
Still roved with troubled mind,
Oft in his dark dream murmuring deep,
"Adieu, my Rosalind!"——

Then in his ear a thrilling voice
Exclaim'd "Brave youth,—arise!—
The morn that lights to glorious strife
With purple flouts the skies:—

"No lover to his bridal hastes
With spirit half so warm,
As rush Franconia's sons to meet
Red battle's moody storm."—

Abash'd the youthful sleeper sprang,
And Merovee stood near,
An iron chain was in his hand,
And on his brow a tear.—

Then quickly round the forms of both
That stubborn band he threw,
And joined the parted links in one,
And set the rivet true.

"Think'st thou I'd cross the rolling Rhine
And see our forests wave,
And urge my suit to Rosalind
When thou wert in thy grave?—

No!—by yon golden orb which rolls
In splendour through the air,
If honour's death this day be thine,
That holy death I'll share."

They arm'd them for the battle-field,
Their blood was boiling high,
Forgot were danger, love, and wo,
In that proud ecstacy;—

Forgot was she, whose hand alone
Could give their hope its meed,
Forgot was all in earth or heaven
Save their dear country's need.

Their rushing legions like the surge
When tempests lash the main,
With thundering shout and revelry
Spread o'er the fatal plain.

Forth came the cavalry of Gaul,
With glittering lance and spur,
Led on by warlike Constantine,
That christian Emperor.

With cloud of darts, and clash of swords,
They greet the early sun,
And when his western gate he sought
The conflict scarce was done.—

But sober twilight's mantle gray
Enwrapt a silent plain,
Save where from wounded bosoms burst
The lingering groan of pain.

Crush'd forms were there, where stubborn life
Still for the mastery pined,—
Stern brows, where death had pass'd, and left
The frown of hate behind.

And mid that ghastly train were seen
Two victims young and fair,
The chain that bound their polish'd breasts
Reveal'd what youths they were.

Bold toward the sky, the marble brow
Of Carloman was turn'd,
And firm his right hand grasp'd the sword
As if some foe he spurn'd ;

His ample shield was fondly flung,
To guard his partner's breast,
And Merovee's pale, bloodless lips
Upon his cheek were prest ;—

While weltering in the purple stream
That dyed their garments' fold,
Their flowing curls profusely lay,
Bright chesnut blent with gold.

And eyes that wept such fate, might read
Upon their bosom's chain,
That *once* when Love and Friendship strove,
The power of Love was vain.

ANCIENT TRADITION FROM THE ISLAND OF LESBOS.

It is asserted in this tradition, that the Mithymnians gained from Apollo, the gift of a genius for poetry and music, as a reward for hanging in his temple the lyre of Orpheus, and burying his dissevered head, when they came floating down the waters of the Hebrus.

When Orpheus' limbs by Thracian madness torn
On the cold Hebrus' rapid waves were borne,
The sever'd head in tuneful measures sigh'd,
And murmuring music charm'd the tossing tide.
Thus as it roved, complaining and distrest,
Mithymnia's bands beheld the approaching guest,
Rush'd with indignant grief, and shuddering bore
The injured victim to their verdant shore.—
With fragrant balm the golden locks they lave,
And gently cleanse them from the dripping wave,
With purest flowers the polish'd brows entwine,
And bathe the quivering lips with generous wine,
Restore it kindly to the earth's green breast,
And with sad dirges lull its woes to rest.—
—Next, from the floating surge his lyre they gain,
And reverent, place it in Apollo's fane.
Round its slight frame, the freshest garlands bind,
And mourn its master to the earth consign'd.—
—But o'er its chords when evening breezes sweep,
Soft tones arise, and murmuring voices weep,
"Eurydice!"—in trembling grief they sigh,—
"Eurydice!"—the lofty aisles reply:
And through the temple roves in echoes slow,
The cherish'd burden of remember'd wo.—

The list'ning trains, with sudden awe inspired,
With all Apollo's soul of song were fired ;—
The tuneful god, this gift celestial made
To those whose pious rites appeased his votary's shade.

TO GENERAL LAFAYETTE.

Presented by the children of Hartford, September 4th, 1824, who were decorated with Ribbons bearing the inscription, "*Nous vous aimons La Fayette.*"

Welcome thou to Freedom's clime,
Glorious Hero ! Chief sublime !
Garlands bright for thee are wreath'd,
Vows of filial ardour breath'd,
Veteran's cheeks with tears are wet,
"Nous vous aimons La Fayette."

Monmouth's field is rich with bloom,
Where thy warrior's found their tomb,
Yorktown's heights resound no more,
Victor's shout or cannon's roar,
Yet our hearts record their debt,
"Nous vous aimons La Fayette."

Brandywine, whose current roll'd
Proud with blood of heroes bold,
That our Country's debt shall tell,
That our gratitude shall swell,
Infant breasts thy wounds regret,
"Nous vous aimons La Fayette."

Sires, who sleep in glory's bed,
Sires, whose blood for us was shed,
Taught us, when our knee we bend,
With the prayer thy name to blend:
Shall we e'er such charge forget?
No!—"Nous aimons La Fayette."

When our blooming cheeks shall fade,
Pale with time, or sorrow's shade,
When our clustering tresses fair
Frosts of wintry age shall wear,
E'en till Memory's sun be set,
"Nous vous aimons La Fayette."

EPITAPH

ON THE MAUSOLEUM OF JOHN VISCOMTI, LORD OF MILAN, WHO DIED IN 1354.

Traveller! slow pausing on thy thoughtful way,
Would'st thou the amount of human good survey,
The weight of honour, and the worth of gold?
Learn what I *was*,—and what I *am*, behold.
—Treasures were mine, immense as man's desires,
Cities superb, and domes where pomp retires.
Rome, queen of earth, confess'd my rising fame,
And all Italia trembled at my name.
—Yet what avails it now? I sleep in clay,
To stone a prisoner, and of worms the prey.

RETURN OF THE EXILE.

Oppress'd with wandering round this world of care,
Homeward I turn'd, but ah!—what home was there?—
The simple cottage where my childhood grew,
The verdant tree that screen'd it from the view,
The clustering vine that climb'd the broken wall,
Reft by the hand of Time had moulder'd,—all.
No sound was heard, where erst the joyous peal
Of infant laughter stopp'd the matron's wheel,
No motion left,—save where on earth reclined
Mid mouldering stones the slimy adder twined,—
"My brother worm,—all hail!"—I frantic said,
Call'd earth my mother, and the dust my bed.—
Roused from the deadening trance, I saw distrest,
The green corn waving o'er my father's breast,
While o'er her head, who cheer'd my every pain,
Rank ivy spread, the heedless traveller's bane.—
—Starting, I rush'd, this fearful scene to shun,
"Not one remains!—Oh God!—thy will be done!"—
Hoarse scream'd the nightly owl—and through the tree
Moan'd the deep blast,—but who shall weep for me?

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Death found strange beauty on that cherub brow,
And dash'd it out.—There was a tint of rose
On cheek and lip;—he touch'd the veins with ice,
And the rose faded.—Forth from those blue eyes

There spake a wishful tenderness,—a doubt
Whether to grieve or sleep, which Innocence
Alone can wear.—With ruthless haste he bound
The silken fringes of their curtaining lids
Forever.—There had been a murmuring sound
With which the babe would claim its mother's ear,
Charming her even to tears.—The spoiler set
His seal of silence.—But there beam'd a smile
So fix'd and holy from that marble brow,—
Death gazed and left it there;—he dared not steal
The signet-ring of Heaven.

THE GEORGIAN PLANET.

Slow-moving Orb! majestic and remote,
Which Galileo's glass had fail'd to note,
Thou, who with swift-wing'd Mercury art given
To mark the grand antithesis of heaven,
Keep'st thou like armed sentinel the ground
Where rival systems press our solar round?
Read'st thou from them with ever sleepless eyes
What thy own zodiac's fainter page denies?
Or call'st thy six torch-bearers forth, to light
The guarded frontier through the watchful night,
Like border chieftain, whose strong castle towers,
The dreaded boundary of contiguous powers?
Does the red Comet, in his hour of wrath,
Scorn thy dull movements and concentric path?
Or bear, replenish'd from some richer sphere,
Fuel and flame, thy shivering sons to cheer?

Touch with electric wand thy loosen'd reins,
And speed thy axle o'er the azure plains ?
While to the highest portal of the sky,*
Whose glowing threshold mocks the dazzled eye,
Thou journeyest onward through the fields of air,
Our earthborn infants grow to men of care ;
And ere to Capricorn, its frigid goal,
Thy flambeaux-lighted car is seen to roll,
A *few* survive, with wasted locks, and gray,—
The rest have slumber'd long in kindred clay.
Say,—do *thy* children thus, with scanty line,
Their seasons measure, and their graves define ?
Or, like that race whom the dire deluge slew,
Through waning centuries their youth renew ?
Content to hold, beneath a niggard ray,
Cold, passive, passionless, their lingering way ?
Alas ! how weak is reason's wildering chain !
How low we fall, from heights we seek to gain !
The lamp of Science, through the mists afar,
Fades like the sun upon the Georgian star ;
We gaze and boast ! yet scarce can turn about
Ere the brief hour-glass of our time is out !
We sink to rest, with those who went before,
Lost like the grains of sand on Ocean's boundless shore.

"AS THY DAY, SO SHALL THY STRENGTH BE."

Deuteronomy, xxxiii. 25.

When adverse winds and waves arise,
And in my heart despondence sighs,

* The ancient Egyptians used to call the sign Cancer, "the highest gate of Heaven."

When life her throng of care reveals,
And weakness o'er my spirit steals,
Grateful I hear the kind decree
That "as my day,—my strength shall be."—

When with sad footstep memory roves
Mid smitten joys, and buried loves,
When sleep my tearful pillow flies
And dewy morning drinks my sighs,
Still to thy promise, Lord, I flee,
That "as my day, my strength shall be."

One trial more must yet be past,
One pang,—the keenest, and the last,—
And when with brow convulsed and pale,
My feeble,—quivering heart-strings fail,
Redeemer!—grant my soul to see
That "as her day, her strength shall be."

"A MAN'S LIFE CONSISTETH NOT IN THE ABUNDANCE OF THE THINGS THAT HE POSSESSETH."

Think'st thou the steed that restless roves
O'er fields and mountains, vales and groves,
With wild, unbridled bound,
Finds fresher pasture than the bee
On simple flower, or dewy tree,
Intent to store her industry
Within her waxen round?—

Think'st thou the fountain made to turn
Through marble vase, or fretted urn
Affords a sweeter draught
Than that which in its native sphere
Perennial, undisturb'd, and clear
Flows, the lone traveller's thirst to cheer
And wake his grateful thought ?—

Think'st thou the man whose mansions hold
The worldling's pride, and miser's gold
Obtains a richer prize
Than he, who in his cot at rest
Finds heavenly peace a willing guest,
And bears the earnest in his breast
Of treasure in the skies ?—

MEMORY AND CONSCIENCE.

When shall scenes of other days
Bright with Hope's unclouded rays,
Rising, meet us, and restore
Pleasures now possess'd no more ?—
When, those joys with backward flight,
Thronging, press upon our sight ?—
When, from cold oblivion's bourne
Our long-buried hours return ?—

When the lamp of life is broke,
When its ray is quench'd in smoke,
When the dreams of hope are fled,
When the beating pulse is dead,

When the shrivell'd skies shall burn,
Shall those buried hours return,—
Wake from their oblivious bed,
Meet us at the bar of dread—

Come they then in smiles or tears,
Dark with frowns, or pale with fears ?—
Search in Memory's treasure-cell,
Question her, for she can tell.—
Is her boasted colouring pale ?—
Sighs she o'er a broken tale ?—
Does her footstep shrink to climb
All the slippery steeps of time ?—

Ask of Conscience !—She can bring
Waters from the deepest spring,
Touch the nerve of keenest thrill,
Stir the dregs of latent ill ;—
And her tablets never fade
Though their trace seem lightly made,—
For each tint of bliss or wo
Through Eternity shall glow.

THE CHAIR OF THE INDIAN KING.

In the neighbourhood of Mohegan is a rude recess, environed by rocks, which still retains the name of "the chair of Uncas." When the fort of that King was besieged by the Narragansetts, and his people were perishing with famine, he took measures to inform the English of their danger, and was found seated in this rocky chair,

anxiously watching the river on the night when those supplies arrived, which rescued his tribe from destruction. These were conveyed in a large canoe from Saybrook, under cover of darkness, by an enterprising man, of the name of Leffingwell, to whom Uncas, as a proof of his gratitude, gave a large tract of land, comprising nearly the whole town of Norwich.

The monarch sat on his rocky throne,
Before him the waters lay,—
His guards were the shapeless columns of stone,
Their lofty helmets with moss o'ergrown,
And their spears of the bracken gray.

His lamps were the fickle stars that beam'd
Through the veil of their midnight shroud,
And the redd'ning flashes that fitfully gleam'd
When the distant fires of the war-dance stream'd
Where his foes in frantic revel scream'd
'Neath their canopy of cloud.

Say! why was his glance so restless and keen
As it fell on the waveless tide?
And why, mid the gloom of that silent scene
Did the sigh heave his warlike bosom's screen
And bow that front of pride?

Behind him his leaguer'd forces lay
Withering in Famine's blight,
And he knew with the blush of the morning ray
That Philip would summon his fierce array,
On the core of the warrior's heart to prey,
And quench a nation's light.

It comes! It comes!—that misty speck
Which over the waters moves!
It boasts nor sail, nor mast, nor deck,
Yet dearer to him was that nameless wreck
Than the maid to him who loves.

It bears to the warrior's nerveless arm
The might of a victor's aim,
Its freight is a spell whose mystic charm
Shall protect the tottering sire from harm,
And the ire-doom'd babe, whose life-blood warm
Was to hiss in the wigwam's flame.

The eye of the king with that lightning blazed
Which the soul in its rapture sends;
His prayer to the Spirit of Good he raised
And the shades of his buried Fathers praised
As toward his fort he wends.

That king hath gone to his lowly grave!
He slumbers in dark decay;
And like the crest of the tossing wave,
Like the rush of the blast from the mountain cave,
Like the groan of the murder'd, with none to save,
His people have passed away.

The monarch hath gone, but his rocky throne
Still rests on its frowning base;
Its motionless guards rise in phalanx lone,
And nought save the winds through their helmets that moan,
And none but those bosoms and hearts of stone
Sigh o'er a fallen race.

VISIT TO THE VENERABLE CHARLES THOMPSON

WHEN AT THE AGE OF NINETY SIX—FORMERLY SECRETARY TO THE FIRST CONGRESS.

You 've seen, perchance, some sever'd column stand
At Athens or Palmyra, mid the gloom
Pure, prominent, majestic,—though its base
Was dark with mouldering ruins, and the dome
Which once it propp'd, had yielded to the wrath
Of pitiless ages.—Ye, perchance, have stood
What time the pale moon bathed its lonely brow
In living light, and heard the fitful winds
Shriek their wild question, wherefore *that* remain'd
When all beside were fallen. Thought ye not then
Of man, who lingering at the feast of life,
Perceives his heart's companions risen and gone ?
Is there not grief in that deep solitude
Of lost companionship ?—
—Yet one I saw,
Who in this wilderness had trod, till life,
Retreating through the bloodless veins, maintain'd
Faint stand at her last fortress.—His wan brow
Was lightly furrow'd, and his lofty form
Unbent by time, while dignified, erect,
And passionless, he made the narrow round
From couch to casement, and his eye beheld
This world of shadowy things unmoved, as one
Who was about to cast his vesture off
In weariness to sleep.—His course had been
O'er those proud billows, where the dazzling beam
Of honour shines ;—but now false Memory loosed

Her time-worn cable from the wilder'd mind,
Blotting the chart whereon it loved to gaze
Mid the dim ocean of returnless years.—
—They brought the trophies forth which he had won,
And spread them in his sight,—a nation's thanks
Graved on that massy ore which misers love :—
But vacantly he gazed, and caught no trace
Of lost delight.—The worldling's glance might scan,
In the slow changes of that saintly brow,
Nought save the wreck of intellect, and scorn
Such humbling picture ; but an angel's eye
Train'd in the value of the gold of Heaven,
Would differently interpret.
—By his side
Was God's blest book, and on its open page
Gleam'd forth the name of Him of Nazareth.—
Quick o'er his brow the light of gladness came,
While on those leaves his wither'd lip he laid,
And tears burst forth,—yes,—tears of rushing joy,
For this had been the banner of his soul
Through all her pilgrimage.
—To his dull ear
I spake the message of a friend who walk'd
With him in glory's path, and nobly shared
That fellowship in danger and in toil
Which knits pure souls together.—But the name
Restored no image of that cherish'd form
In youth beloved.—I should have said farewell,
In brokenness of heart,—but up he rose
And with a seerlike majesty pour'd forth
His holy adjuration to the God
Who o'er time's broken wave had borne his bark

Safe toward the haven.—Deep that thrilling prayer
Sank down into my bosom, like a spring
Of comfort and of joy.—All else was gone,—
Ambition,—glory,—friendship,—earthly hope.—
But firm devotion, like a sentinel,
Waking and watching round the parting soul,
Gave it the soldier's shield, and pilgrim's staff
For its returnless journey.—When I saw
This triumph of our faith,—this gem, that glow'd
Bright mid the dross of man's infirmity,
Low on the earth I laid my lip, and said.
"Oh, let me with the righteous die!—and be
My end like his."

ON THE LOSS OF THE STEAM BOAT ÆTNA,

WITHIN SIGHT OF NEW YORK, SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 15, 1824.

Her path was on the briny deep;
Yet no white sail propell'd her course,
Nor measured oar with graceful sweep
Urged her to stem the billow's force;
Self-moved, with fleecy track she past,
Disdaining in her pride
To woo the breeze or shun the blast,
Or wait the rolling tide;
While boldly to the sky
Her ensign, wreathing high,
Inwrought with volumed smoke, and sparkling flame,
she cast.

Lightly o'er her bosom roved,
Where rainbow mirth was shining,
Forms revered and hearts beloved,
In changeful groups combining;
Childhood's smile,
And Beauty's wile,
Manhood with his brow of care,
And matron tenderness were there:
Above, the azure sky was glowing,
Beneath, the flood, like silver flowing,
Around in chequering light and shade,
Her hues delighted Spring display'd;
Velvet verdure deck'd the vales,
Winding rivers, white with sails,
Through their tufted margins stray'd;
Each dazzling scene, like moving picture, threw
Its colouring on the eye, and rapidly withdrew.

And now the setting sun, in liquid richness, pours
A flood of glory o'er the approaching shores
Of that proud mart, which, like a queen
Upon her island throne, is seen,
With thronging masts, and spires in long array:
Then sparkling eyes were bent
And ardent glances sent,
Through the soft misty curtains of declining day,
To gain some vestige of their home;
Gay Fancy decks the dome
With flowers of joy;
A richer blush steals o'er the virgin coy;
And lost in Fancy's trance, the mother clasps her boy

Hark!—'tis the crash of thunder!—But no cloud
Mantles the untroubled sky.
Again!—it blends with cries of anguish loud,—
In air disruptured members fly,
Blood streams, and 'neath the water's roar
Plunge deeply those who rise no more.
And ah! outstretch'd I see,
In nameless agony,
Woman's imploring hand.—The piercing cry
Of suffering innocence invades the sky.
Haste—snatch them from the wreck;
O God they faint—they die.

'Tis silent on the wave. The thunders sleep;
But many a stricken soul shall mourn their ire;
Still smiles the sun;—but many an eye shall weep
Ere to his sea-girt chamber he retire:
The expected guest—the sister fair,—
The child, with fond, confiding air,—
The friend, who with an angel's mein
Illumed the dear, domestic scene—
Ah! ask not—ask not where they are,
Or why they come not!—See despair
Rend from the mourning sire
The few thin remnants of that silver hair,
Which, frosted o'er with age, e'en ruthless Time could spare.
Who to the orphan's arms its treasure shall restore?
Who bind the widow's heart, which breaking heals no more?

Frail as a flower, beneath the blast of pain,
How impotent and vain

Is Man, to boast him of his zephyr's breath,
Man, whose whole race of life is on the verge of death!
He,—He alone, who trod
The waters as their God,
And from their dark embrace rescued the sinking form,
Can, when the whelming surges roll,
Draw with pierced hand, the unbodied soul
To that Eternal Ark, serene above the storm.

LAKE THRASYMENE.

Sleep on, in shadowy rest, bold, beauteous lake!—
Sleep calmly on, as if thou ne'er hadst drank
The richest blood of Carthage and of Rome.—
Dream on beneath Cortona's sheltering hills,
And lend thy freshness to the olive groves
Which bending kiss thy brow,—as if thy care
To nurse the plant of peace, might deftly hide
From nature's all-pervading eye, the stain
Of thy blood-guiltiness.—But *she* who rests
Her tablet on the wing of time, and flies
With him o'er every region of the earth,
Hath written of thee with her diamond pen,
And told thy secret to each passing age.—
—Shrank not thy placid waters from the plunge
Of Hannibal's plumed helmet, when he sought
To slake his battle-thirst? He heeded not
The awful redness of thy breast,—but drank
Free, as he pour'd that day, the priceless blood
Of shuddering Italy.—Rememberest thou

The rush of those firm cohorts, when the earth,
Trampled and trembling,—and the echoing hills
Attested the dire onset?—With deep groans
A mighty earthquake rent the rocks, and made
Cities an heap,—yet smote not *their* mad ear
Who mid the clash of sword and buckler fought,
With hatred horrible.—
—Man's passions mock
The strife of nature.—Her *worst* deluge spared
The righteous household.—The storm-stricken main
In wrath remembereth mercy,—wrecks not *all*
That to its bosom cling.—
—Vesuvius saves
Even in the height of his mad victory,
The little Hermitage that timid asks
Mercy of him, and bids his molten fires
Ripen to richer zest its vineyards green.—
—But the blind haste, and headlong rage of war,
What know *they* of compassion?—Bid *him* speak,
Who in thy dark and watery deep doth rest,—
The stern Flaminius,—he who saw defeat
The eagle standard quell, and fled to hide
His burning shame with thee, holding the frown
And grasp of pitiless Death, less terrible
Than Rome's upbraiding eye.—
In earth he dream'd
To strike a root eternal, and to hang
Unfading garlands on the fickle sky
Of stormy honour.—Even then was spread
Thy bulrush pall for him,—and from their cells
Thy scaly monsters throng'd at his approach
To gaze upon him.—

So farewell, pure Lake!—
I am thy debtor for this musing hour
Of fancy's sway,—for the bright pageantry
Of other days,—the men of mighty soul
Which thou hast call'd around.—Oh Italy!—
The beautiful,—the fallen,—the worshipp'd one,—
The loved of Nature!—whose aspiring cliffs,
And caverns hoar, dart inspiration's rays
Into the traveller's soul.—Yet what avail
The burning glory of thy sunset beam,
Thy cataracts rainbow-crown'd,—the hallow'd domes
Of thine eternal city,—or the throng
Of countless pilgrims kneeling on thy breast,
While like the mutilated kings who fed
At Agag's table,—thou dost bow thee low
Beneath a proud hierarchy, and lay
The birthright of thy sons at papal feet.—
—Bethink thee of the past,—thou glorious land!—
And purge that dark "Mal'aria" which doth blast
Thy moral beauty;—
—So shalt thou be found
A second Paradise,—by serpent's wile,
And vengeful sword of flame menaced no more.

THE VOICE OF THE SPIRIT.

The heart of man, in the hour of its pride,
Mild Nature, the teacher, address'd,
"Mid the flowers of the valley where fountains glide,
On the brow of the forest, the crest of the tide,
And the cliff of the mountain where tempests hide,
See, the hand of a God imprest."

Slow Reason arose, with her finite chain,
And her lamp as the moonbeam clear,
" If there 's one who can bridle the storm-stricken main,
And gem the skies with yon countless train,
He 's a Being for man to fear."

Pure Inspiration's ray sublime
Like the sun from chaos broke,—
" Remember Him *now*, in the day of thy prime,
Thy breath is a vapour,—a span thy time,
And thy glory a wreath of smoke."—

Death hurl'd an arrow from the cloud
Where pestilence curtain'd his way,
On the throne of the heart its idol bow'd,
The bloom of its beauty was pale in the shroud,
And its strength the spoiler's prey.—

A voice was heard,—'t was the voice of the dead,—
It was hoarse from the hollow grave,—
" Give heed to the things of thy peace, it said,
Ere the worm is thy brother, and dust thy bed,
In the hour when none can save."

Remorse uplifted a serpent scourge,
Stern Conscience asserted her sway,—
But the world, and the host of its vanities urge,
And buoyed on the crest of their dancing surge,
That harden'd heart was gay.

Heaven mourn'd, and the harps of her blest ones sigh'd ;
(As the rose sheds the dew-drop tear)—
" The Son of the Highest for man hath died,
Yet still he exults in his guilt and pride,
Ah ! what shall arrest his career ?"—

There was joy in heaven!—O'er the angels it shone,
A smile from Jehovah glow'd,—
The "still small voice" from the awful Throne
Had breathed on that obdurate heart of stone,
And the rock like a river flow'd.

AFRICA.

Land of the wise!—where science broke
Like morning from chaotic deeps,
Where Moses, holy prophet, woke,
Where Parsons, youthful martyr, sleeps;—

Land of the brave!—where Carthage rear'd
'Gainst haughty Rome a warrior's crest,
Where Cato, like a god revered,
Indignant pierced his patriot breast;—

Land of the scorn'd, the exiled race,
Who fainting 'neath oppressive toil,
With never-ceasing sighs retrace
Their palm-tree's shade, their fathers' soil;

Shall blest Benevolence extend
Her angel reign from sea to sea,
Nor yet one glance of pity bend
Deserted Africa! on thee?—

Did Nature bid the torrid skies
Glare fiercely o'er thy desert glade?—
In heathen gloom benight thine eyes
And cloud thy brow with ebon shade?—

And must thy brother's hatred find
A doom that Nature never gave ?—
A curse Creation ne'er design'd,—
The fetter, and the name of slave ?—

Haste ! lift from Afric's wrongs the veil,
Ere the Eternal Judge arise,
To list the helpless prisoner's wail,
And count the tears from misery's eyes.

Oh ! ere the flaming heavens reveal
That frown which none can meet and live,
Teach her before the Throne to kneel
And like her Saviour pray,—"*Forgive.*"

AUTUMN WINDS.

Sweep on, rude winds, and rend the leafy crown
That withering Autumn loves,—and lift the sea
Up in loud wrath, and crest the foaming waves,
And make the tall ship own herself a reed.—
Go forth and vex the mariner, and give
Perchance his riches to the faithless deep :—
And then return, and sigh yourselves away ,
With such a syren guile, as if ye scarce
Could shut the sleeping rose.—This is your wont,
Ye boist'rous whisperers of your Maker's wrath,
Who vaunt yourselves amid the troubled clouds
One awful moment, and the next are gone
Ye know not whither.—

—Man is like to you.—
His whirlwind passions nerve him, and he tears
The realm of nature,—marks his path with wrecks,
And chasms, and sepulchres,—and then returns
From war's dire game,—perchance to sigh away
His soul in love like the soft summer gale
On Beauty's cheek,—and then lies down to mix
With the same dust that soil'd his chariot wheels.—
—Oh Thou! who holdest in Thy powerful hand
Both the wild tempests, and the breath that moves
This mass of clay,—let us not madly trust
Our treasure to the winds, and weep at last
The harvest, when the whirlwind wasteth it:—
Nor let the blossom of our nurtured hopes
Which we have sown on earth with tears and prayers
Go up as chaff on the *Dividing Day.*

SONG OF THE ICELANDIC FISHER.

Yield the bark to the breezes free,
Point her helm to the far deep sea,
Where Hecla's watch-fire streaming wild
Hath never the mariner's eye beguiled,
Where in boiling baths strange monsters play
Down to the deep sea,—launch away!

Gay o'er coral caves we steer
Where moulder the bones of the brave,
Where the beautiful sleep on their humid bier,
And the pale pearl gleams in its quenchless sphere,
The lamp of their Ocean grave;

Swift o'er the crested surge we row,
Down to the fathomless sea we go.

King of Day! to thee we turn,*
May our course be blest by thee,
Eyes bright as thine in our homes shall burn,
When again our hearths we see,
When the scaly throng, to our skill a prey,
At the feet of our fur clad maids we lay.

Thou art mighty in wrath, devouring tide!
The strong ship loves o'er thy foam to ride,
Her banner by bending clouds carest,
The waves at her keel, and a world in her breast;
Thou biddest the blast of thy billows sweep,
Her tall masts bow to the cleaving deep,
And seal'd in thy cells her proud ones sleep.

Our sails are as chaff, when the tempest raves,
And our boat a speck on the mountain waves:
Yet we pour not to thee, the imploring strain,
We sooth not thine anger, relentless Main!
Libation we pour not, nor vow, nor prayer,
Our hope is in thee,
God of the Sea!
The deep is thy path, and the soul thy care.

* The Icelanders have a custom of turning their boat towards the sun, when they embark on a fishing excursion.

TOIL.

When Man from Eden's blissful bowers
  Was driven before the vengeful sword,—
Stern Toil, companion of his hours,
  With him the sterile Earth explored.

But lo! the frowning desert smiled,
  His hardy hand its thorns expell'd,
He deck'd with fruits the wondering wild,
  And the invading billow quell'd.

Fresh streams o'er Egypt's vales he led,
  Assyria's hanging gardens drest,
Cloth'd fruitful Israel's fields with bread,
  And roused her shepherd sons from rest.

Even now, he hails the vernal star,
  Bids fervid Summer own his sway,
Binds Autumn to his harvest-car,
  And makes even hoary Winter gay.

First in his train is jocund Health,
  Content, who o'er her distaff sings,
And from the plough that honest Wealth
  Which scorns the tear-bought robe of kings.—

Pour forth *His* praise ye hymning choir,
  Who makes stern Toil a blessing prove,
And wisely like a pitying Sire
  Ordains his discipline in love.

"THERE IS A TIME TO DIE."

King Solomon.

I heard a stranger's hearse move heavily
Along the pavement.—Its deep, gloomy pall
No hand of kindred or of friend upbore.
But from the cloud that veiled his western couch
The lingering sun shed forth one transient ray,
Like sad and tender farewell to some plant
Which he had nourished.—*On* the giddy crowd
Went dancing in their own enchanted maze,
Drowning the echo of those tardy wheels
Which hoarsely warn'd them of a *time to die.*
I saw a sable train in sorrow bend
Around a tomb.—There was a stifled sob,
And now and then a pearly tear fell down
Upon the tangled grass.—But then there came
The damp clod harshly on the coffin-lid,
Curdling the life-blood at the mourner's heart,
While audibly it spake to every ear
"*There is a time to die.*"
—And then it seem'd
As if from every mound and sepulchre
In that lone cemetery,—from the sward
Where slept the span long infant,—to the grave
Of him who dandled on his wearied knee
Three generations,—from the turf that veil'd
The wreck of mouldering beauty,—to the bed
Where shrank the loathed beggar,—rose a cry
From all those habitants of silence—"*Yea!*—
There *is* a time to die."—

Methought that truth
In every tongue, and dialect, and tone,
Peal'd o'er each region of the rolling globe ;—
The Simoon breathed it,—and the Earthquake groan'd
A hollow, deep response,—the Avalanche
Wrote it in terror on a snowy scroll,—
The red Volcano belch'd it forth in flames,—
Old Ocean bore it on his whelming surge,—
And yon, pure, broad, cerulean arch grew dark
With death's eternal darts.—But joyous Man
To whom kind Heaven the ceaseless warning sent
Turn'd to his phantom pleasures, and deferr'd
To some convenient hour, *the time to die !*

"PERADVENTURE HE SLEEPETH, AND MUST BE AWAKED."

1 *Kings*, xviii. 27.

My dull heart slept. Its panoply was off,—
The festal hour had lull'd it, and the dew,
Swept from the flowers of brief Prosperity,
Fell like an opiate on it. The world's star,
Was dominant.—And so it coldly slept
Even in the house of God. The wakeful ear,
That trusty sentinel, essay'd in vain
To arouse its lethargy.—The organ pour'd
Such full, exulting melody, so claim'd
From all the living one pure hymn of praise,
That rapture's flush burn'd on the brighten'd cheek,
But on the secret altar of the heart

No incense glow'd.—Sweet Music sued in vain
At that seal'd portal.—Eloquence sprang forth,
From the blest teacher's lips, and in strong bands
Led chain'd attention,—yet the affections lay
In their dead trance.—But lowly Prayer knelt down,
Breathing her meek voice into Mercy's ear,
Through *His* dear name who bought the forfeit soul
With his own blood.—Firm Faith's unearthly glance,
And Hope bright-wing'd, and sainted Charity
Sustain'd the thrilling cadence, while it bore
The sinner to his God.—*Then* woke the heart,
And from its trembling fountain pour'd the tear
Which Penitence required and humbly sought
That sabbath blessing which it else had lost.—
——So Prayer prevail'd, when Music child of Heaven,
And hallow'd Eloquence, like sounding brass,
And tinkling cymbal, smote the dreaming soul
In vain.

BURIAL OF MAZEEN.

THE LAST OF THE ROYAL LINE OF THE MOHEGAN NATION.

Mid the trodden turf is an open grave,
And a funeral train where the wild flowers wave,
For a manly sleeper doth seek his bed
In the narrow house of the sacred dead,
And the soil hath scantily drank of the tear,
For the red-brow'd few are the mourners here.

They have lower'd the prince to his resting spot,
The deep prayer hath swell'd, but they heed it not,

Their abject thoughts mid his ashes grope,
And quench'd in their souls is the light of hope,—
Know ye *their* pangs who turn away
The vassal foot from a monarch's clay ?—

With the dust of kings in this noteless shade,
The last of a royal line is laid,
In whose stormy veins that red current roll'd
Which curb'd the chief and the warrior bold,
Yet pride still burns in their humid clay,
Though the pomp of the sceptre hath pass'd away.

They spake,—and the war-dance wheel'd its round,
Or the wretch to the torturing stake was bound;
They lifted their hand,—and the eagle fell
From his sunward flight, or his cloud-wrapt cell;
They frown'd,—and the tempest of battle arose,
And streams were stain'd with the blood of their foes.

Be silent O Earth !—o'er thy hoarded trust,
And smother the voice of the royal dust,
The ancient pomp of their council-fires,
Their simple trust in our pilgrim sires,
The wiles that blasted their withering race,
Hide,—hide them deep in thy darkest place.

Till the rending caverns shall yield their dead,
Till the skies as a burning scroll are red,
Till the wondering slave from his fetters shall spring,
And to falling mountains the tyrant cling,
Bid all their woes with their relics rest
And bury their wrongs in thy secret breast.

But when aroused at the trump of doom
Ye shall start, bold kings, from your lowly tomb,
When some bright-wing'd seraph of mercy shall bend
Your stranger eye on the Sinner's friend,
Kneel,—kneel at *His* throne whose blood was spilt,
And plead for your pale-brow'd bothers' guilt.

THE SWEDISH LOVERS.

Where Dalecarlia's pine-clad hills
  Rear high in air the untrodden snow,
Where her scant vales and murmuring rills
  A short and sultry summer know,

Where great Gustavus exiled, fled,
  And found beneath a covering rude,
Hearts by the noblest impulse led
  Of valour, faith, and fortitude,

There still, a virtuous race retain
  The simple manners of their sires,
Unchanged by love of sordid gain,
  Or stern ambition's restless fires.

And there, where silver Mora flow'd,
  In freshness through the changeful wild,
A peasant rear'd his lone abode,
  And fair Ulrica was his child.

Untutor'd by the arts that spoil
  The soul's integrity was she,
And nurtured in the virtuous toil
  Of unpretending poverty.

Within a neighbouring hamlet's bound
In manly beauty's ardent grace,
Christiern his humble dwelling found
Amid the miner's hardy race.

He oft beheld Ulrica's hand
A part in rural labour take,
To bind the sheaf with pliant band,
Or steer the light boat o'er the lake.

He mark'd the varying toil bestow
On her pure cheek a richer dye,
And saw enlivening spirits flow
In dazzling radiance from her eye.

Oft in the holy house of prayer
Where weekly crowds assembling bow,
He mark'd the meek and reverent air
Which shed new lustre o'er her brow.

And soon no joy his heart might share
Unless her soft smile met his view,
And soon he thought no scene was fair
Unless her eye admired it too.

And duly as the shadows fleet
O'er closing day, with silence fraught,
Young Christiern with his lute so sweet
Ulrica's peaceful mansion sought.

Long had the gossip's mystic speech
Deep knowledge of their love profest,
Before the timid lip of each
The cherish'd secret had exprest.

But when the trembling pain reveal'd,
And vows of mutual faith had cheer'd,
Quick on the hamlet's verdant field
Christiern their simple cottage rear'd.

And taught Ulrica's rose to twine
Its tendrils round the rustic door,
And thought how sweet at day's decline
When the accustom'd task was o'er,

To sit and pour the evening song
Amid gay summer's varied bloom,
And catch the breeze that bore along
Her favourite flowret's rich perfume.

The appointed day its course begun
With gentle beams of rosy light,
When they whose hearts had long been one
Should join their hands in hallow'd rite.

At morn, the marriage bell was rung,
Where the lone spire from chapel towers,
And village maids assembling hung
Ulrica's lowly hall with flowers.—

Yet mark'd a shade that pensively
Was stealing o'er her features fair,
For mid those hours of festive glee
The youthful bridegroom came not there.

Full oft along the coppice green
She deem'd his well-known step she heard,
Then brightening, raised her lovely mien,
Then sigh'd—for other guest appear'd.

Dim twilight o'er the landscape fell,
Sad evening paced its tardy round,
Nor Christiern at his father's cell,
Nor through the hamlet's range was found.

" 'Tis but in sport,"—her neighbours cried,
" The temper of your heart to prove."—
" Not thus, the sinking maid replied,
Doth *Christiern* sport with trusting love."

Night came, but void of rest or sleep
Move on its watches dark and slow,
Ulrica laid her down to weep
In anguish of unutter'd wo.

How drear the gentle dawn appear'd !—
How gloomy morning's rosy ray !
Nor tidings of her lover cheer'd
The horrors of that lengthen'd day.

Weeks past away,—all search was vain,—
Her smile of lingering hope was dead,
She shun'd the joyous village train,
And from each rural pastime fled.

Time wrote his history on her brow !
In characters of wo severe,
And furrows mark'd the ceaseless flow
Of fearful sorrow's burning tear.

Years roll'd on years,—her friends decay'd,
Her seventieth winter chill had flown,
A new and alter'd race survey'd
The spectre stranger, sad and lone.

" Why do I live ?"—she sometimes sigh'd
" Thus crush'd, beneath affliction's rod ?"—
But stern reproving thought replied,
" Ask not such question of thy God !"—

Yet still she lov'd that pine-clad hill
Where erst her love his way would take,
Still wander'd near his favourite rill
Or sat by Mora's glassy lake.

His white-wash'd cot with roses gay,
Had lone and tenantless been kept,
But moulder'd now by time's decay,—
And mid its ruins oft she wept.

The sound of flail at early morn,
Or harvest song of happy hind,
Awoke undying memory's thorn
To probe anew her wounded mind.

Where near her cell, the quarries bold
With veins metallic richly glow,
And where their yawning chasms unfold
Dark entrance to the depths below,

Once, while the miners toil'd to trace,
Between two shafts an opening new,
Mid earth and stones, a *human face*
Glared sudden on their startled view.—

A form erect, of manly size,
In that embalming niche reposed,
And slight and carelessly the eyes
As if in recent dreams were closed.

The sunburnt tinge that bronzed the brow
Was bleach'd within that humid shade,
And o'er the smooth cheek's florid glow
The raven curls profusely play'd.

The pliant hand was soft and fair,
As if in youth's unfolding prime,
Although the bridal robes declare
The costume of an ancient time.

Yet no recorded fact might tell
Who fill'd that dark, mysterious shrine,
The hoariest ones remember'd well
A shock which whelm'd that ruin'd mine,

But all of him who lifeless slept,
Was lost in time's unfathom'd deep,
At length an aged woman crept
To join the throng who gaze and weep.

Propp'd on her staff she totter'd near,
But when the cold corse met her eye,
She clasp'd her hands in pangs severe,
And shrieks reveal'd her agony.

And fainting on the earth she lay,
With struggles of convulsive breath,
As if weak life had fled away
In terror at the sight of death.

Yet when their care again could light
The vital taper's fading flame,
When day assured her doubtful sight,
Deep sighs and sobs of anguish came.

No word of notice or reply
She deign'd to their inquiring tone,
One only object fix'd her eye,
One image fill'd her heart alone.

'T was thus, disdaining all relief,
She mourn'd with agonizing strife,
While the wild storm of love and grief
Rack'd the worn ligaments of life.

'T was thus o'er age and sorrow's gloom,
Unchill'd affection soar'd sublime,
While strangely foster'd in the tomb
Youth rose, to mock the power of time.

That shrivell'd form convulsed so long,
And that bright brow devoid of breath,
Might seem in contradiction strong,
Like buried life, and living death.

'T was strange from livid lips to hear
Such wild lament, such piercing groan,
While manly love reposing near,
Call'd forth, yet heeded not the moan.

The mourner raised the curls whose shade
Conceal'd that polish'd forehead dear,
And there her wasted hand she laid,
Exclaiming in the lifeless ear,

"Oh!—have I lived to see that face
Engraved upon my soul so deep?—
And in this bitterness to trace
Those features wrapt in holy sleep?

My promised Love!—thou still hast kept
The beauty of thy mantling prime,
While o'er my broken frame have crept
The wrinkles and the scars of time.

Yes.—Well may I be wreck'd and torn
Whom fifty adverse years have seen
Like blasted oak, the whirlwind's scorn,
Still clinging where my joys *had been.*

My boughs and blossoms all were reft,—
They might not know a second birth,—
Why were my wither'd roots thus left
Unhappy cumberers of the earth?—

Yet still one image soothed my cares,
Amid my nightly dream would shine,
Came hovering fondly o'er my prayers,
And this, my buried lord, was thine.

That smile!—Ah, still unchanged it plays
O'er thy pure cheek's vermilion hue,
As when it met my childhood's gaze,
Or charm'd my youth's delighted view,—

As when thy skilful hand would bring
From mountain's breast, or shelter'd down,
The earliest buds of tardy spring
To scatter o'er my tresses brown.

But now the blossoms of the tomb
Have whiten'd all those ringlets gay,
Whilst thou in bright, perennial bloom,
Dost shine, superior to decay.

Rend from thy lip that marble seal,
And bid once more those accents flow,
That waked even coldest hearts to feel,
And taught forgetfulness to wo.

Wildly I rave!—as if thine ears
The sad recital would receive;
Vainly I weep!—as if those tears
Could move thy sainted soul to grieve.

Time was,—when Christiern's treasured name
No voice howe'er despised might speak,
But from my bounding heart there came
A tide of crimson o'er the cheek;

Time was, when Christiern's step was heard
With raptured joy's tumultuous swell,
And when his least and lightest word,
Was stored in memory's choicest cell.

Yet have I lived to mourn thee lost,
To find each earthly solace fled,
And now, on time's last billow tost,
To see thee rising from the dead!

Ha!—didst thou speak,—and call my soul
To bowers where roses ever bloom,
Where boundless tides of pleasure roll,
And deathless love defies the tomb?

"I come! I come!"—strange lustre fired
Her glazing eye, and all was o'er,
No more that heaving breast respired,
And earthly sorrows pain'd no more.

So there they lay,—a lifeless pair,
Whose hearts by youthful love entwined,
Sever'd by fate, and fix'd despair,
Were now in death's cold union join'd.

Full oft in Dalecarlian cells
When evening shadows darkly droop,
Some hoary-headed peasant tells
Their story to a list'ning group,

And oft the wondering child will weep,
The pensive youth unconscious sigh,
At hapless Christiern's fearful sleep,
And sad Ulrica's constancy.

THE ELEMENTS.

Pliny has remarked that "all the elements are in their turn, hostile to man,—except *the earth*."

Man, on the genial elements depends
For food, for warmth, for solace, and for breath,
Yet foes attack him in the guise of friends,
Destroy his trust, and aid the work of death.
Air, the sweet air, his feeble frame that feeds,
Mounts with the tempest, on the whirlwind speeds,
Breaks the strong trees that o' er his mansion spread,
Strews the loved roof in ruins o' er his head,
Lifts the white surge, the angry ocean sweeps,
And whelms his riches in the foaming deeps.—

—*Water*, whose limpid tide his health sustains,
And sends new vigor through his wasted veins,
Raised to wild wrath, a sudden deluge pours,
To waste his crops, and desolate his shores,
His tall domes sink,—his baseless fabrics float,
Where bloom'd his gardens, frowns a stagnant moat,
Mephitic vapours from the bound arise,
And pestilential fogs obscure the skies.—
—*Fire*, whose bright glance his torpid bosom warms,
Roused to quick vengeance, like a fury storms,
Amid wild shouts of fear, and terror's cry
Winds its red volumes round the midnight sky,
Consumes the fabric that his labour rear'd,
Destroys the form by ties of love endear'd,
Blackens his beauty, lays his glory low,
Feeds on his wealth, and riots in his wo.—
See, where its pride, by rocky chains comprest
In earth's dark caverns, rends her tortured breast,
Bursts from its vault, the groaning mountain rends,
In streams of red, sulphureous wrath descends,
Blasts the tall forests, ravages the plains,—
Destroys the vineyards, cottages and swains,—
O'er mighty cities rolls with whelming tide,
O'er temples, palaces, and towers of pride,—
Their sculptured grandeur feeds the transient blaze,
And o'er their head the burning billow plays.
—Say then, is man with heaven-deputed sway,
At once the sport, the victim, and the prey?—
Have *all* the elements combined as foes
His harm to compass, and his good oppose?—
No,—one alone, the hapless being spares,
Wages no war, and no resistance dares.—

—*Earth*, pitying earth, her new-born son beholds,
Spreads a soft shelter, in her robe enfolds,
Still, like a mother kind, her love retains,
Cheers by her cordials, with her food sustains,
Paints brilliant flowers to wake his infant smile,
Spreads fragrant fruits to cheer his hour of toil,
Renews her prospects versatile and gay,
To charm his eye and cheat his cares away,—
And if her roseate buds a thorn conceal,
If some sharp sting the roving hand should feel,
A medicine kind, the sweet physician sends,
And where her poisons wound, her balm defends.
—But when at last, her drooping charge declines,
When the frail lamp of life no longer shines,
When o'er its broken idol friendship mourns,
And love, in horror, from its object turns,
Forsakes the loathsome corse and shuddering, grieves,
She, to her arms, her mouldering son receives,
Murmurs in requiem o'er her darling birth,
" Return thou loved one, to thy parent earth :"—
Safe in her bosom the deposite keeps,
Until the flame that dries the watery deeps,
Spreads o'er the parching skies a quenchless blaze,
Her features reddens, on her vitals preys,
Then struggling in her last convulsive throes,
She wakes her treasure from his deep repose,
Stays her last groan amid dissolving fires
Resigns him to his Maker, and expires.

ON VISITING THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, AT CHARLOTTESVILLE.

Fair Star of Science! Be thy light
  Auspicious to that Ancient Realm,
Which gave so oft her men of might
  Wisely to guide the nation's helm;—

Nought but the savage war-whoop burst
  O'er this wide clime of moral night,
Till from the western chaos *first*
  She raised her urn of trembling light;—

Rear 'neath thy domes a glorious race
  Their country's honour to protect,
And on an everlasting base
  The fabric of her power erect;

Or, fired with eloquence sublime,
  The sinner's slumbering soul to wake,
And bid it, ere the wreck of time,
  The harbour of salvation make;

Or, moved by pity to explore
  The ills that waste life's fleeting wealth,
Toil through the languid frame to pour
  The balm of renovated health.

Nursed in thy halls of lore refined,
  May other Franklins spring to birth,
And rule, with unpretending mind,
  The fires of Heaven, and lords of earth.*

* Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis.

Like Johnson, in Herculean might,
Bid some philologist arise,—
Some Milton, with seraphic flight,
Or Newton, pupil of the skies.

And should some tyrant's sceptred hand
Menace the rights our fathers won,
Or danger cloud our native land,
Send forth a future Washington.

Star of Virginia!—pure and free!—
Thy beams shall gild *that Sage's* way,
Who touch'd the kindling torch to thee,
And shines in thy reflected ray.

WINTER.

In imitation of a passage from J. B. Rousseau.

Hail thou,—of leisure sweet the sire!—
Who, round the bright, domestic fire,
Dost link fond hearts in strongest ties,
And kindle hopes, and mingle sighs,
Or 'neath the taper's glancing light
Convoke the banquet's festive rite.
More beauteous seasons deck the scene
With smiling vales, and skies serene,
But they with weary toil are prest,
And thou dost bring the boon of rest.—
——Fair Flora vaunts her painted flowers,
Gay Ceres sports in fragrant bowers,

And Bacchus, proud of Autumn's crown
Red from the vintage lays him down,
But thou, blest Sire, without their care
Dost reap the fruit they all prepare.

THE SUTTEE.

She sat upon the pile by her dead lord,
And in her full, dark eye, and shining hair
Youth revell'd.—The glad murmur of the crowd
Applauding her consent to the dread doom,
And the hoarse chanting of infuriate priests
She heeded not, for her quick ear had caught
An infant's wail.—Feeble and low that moan,
Yet it was answer'd in her heaving heart,
For the Mimosa in its shrinking fold
From the rude pressure, is not half so true,
So tremulous, as is a mother's soul
Unto her wailing babe.—There was such wo
In her imploring aspect,—in her tones
Such thrilling agony, that even the hearts
Of the flame-kindlers soften'd, and they laid
The famish'd infant on her yearning breast.
There with his tear-wet cheek he lay and drew
Plentiful nourishment from that full fount
Of infant happiness,—and long he prest
With eager lip the chalice of his joy.—
And then his little hands he stretch'd to grasp
His mother's flower-wove tresses, and with smile
And gay caress embraced his bloated sire,—

As if kind Nature taught that innocent one
With fond delay to cheat the hour which seal'd
His hopeless orphanage.—But those were near
Who mock'd such dalliance, as that Spirit malign
Who twined his serpent length mid Eden's bowers
Frown'd on our parents' bliss.—The victim mark'd
Their harsh intent, and clasp'd the unconscious babe
With such convulsive force, that when they tore
His writhing form away, the very nerves
Whose deep-sown fibres rack the inmost soul
Uprooted seem'd.—
With voice of high command
Tossing her arms, she bade them bring her son,—
And then in maniac rashness sought to leap
Among the astonish'd throng.—But the rough cord
Compress'd her slender limbs, and bound her fast
Down to her loathsome partner.—Quick the fire
In showers was hurl'd upon the reeking pile ;—
But yet amid the wild, demoniac shout
Of priest and people, mid the thundering yell
Of the infernal gong,—was heard to rise
Thrice a dire death-shriek.—And the men who stood
Near the red pile and heard that fearful cry,
Call'd on their idol-gods, and stopp'd their ears,
And oft amid their nightly dream would start
As frighted Fancy echoed in her cell
That burning mother's scream.

CAROLINE MATILDA, TO CHRISTIAN THE SEVENTH OF DENMARK.

From gloomy Zell, where shades usurp the day,
Where hopeless grief in secret pines away,
To Denmark's distant clime these lays I send,
To *seek the husband, not to find the friend.*—
—How hard my fate! although to power allied,
A monarch's daughter, and a monarch's bride,
Torn from those joys that strew'd my path with bloom,
And sternly coffin'd in a living tomb.—
——Oh! by the memory of that love which bore
My early youth from Albion's sacred shore,
By that first ardour guiltless and divine,
Which moved to leave a parent's arms for thine,
By all the hopes that lured my trusting mind,
By all thy vows, if vows thy soul can bind,
Bend to my woes!—but ah, how vain the plea
That summons pity or remorse from thee.—
—Cold as the icy girdle of thy shores,
Deaf as the storm that o'er thy mountains pours,
I see thee wield the sceptre, scourge and chain,
And rule despotic o'er a trembling train.—
—Unfading traces of thy cruel sway
Glare in my soul and fright mild sleep away,—
Thy victim's throng,—I mark the ghastly train,
Their straining eye-balls start with bloodshot pain,
The brave Struensee!—say,—what crime had he
To kindle hatred or revenge in thee?—
He mounts the scaffold,—dark with curdled gore;
He falls,—he bleeds,—his bosom heaves no more;

And I,—alas!—but stay thou fleeting line,
Why is Struensee's image link'd with mine?—
Think not that guilt this artless bond has wove
Nor blot my friendship with the name of love.—
——But me, sad victim of thy jealous strife,
Rent in my youth from all the joys of life,
My last retreat a mightier foe invades,
And darkly dooms me to impervious shades.
From my blanch'd cheek the color fades away,
Mysterious bands my buoyant footsteps stay;
While Spring's young flowers that erst my path did strew,
Unnoticed wither in their fragrant dew,
Uncheer'd I view their graceful beauties wave
And start to gather what may deck my grave.—
—Unfeeling consort!—shroud my life with gloom,
Scorn, hate, condemn, and curse me in the tomb,
Wreak all thy malice on my wretched name,
But spare my infant,—spare thy daughter's fame,
Spare the fond babe who foster'd in my breast,
Smiles at my tears, or sinks in balmy rest,
Marks not the anguish on my brow that preys,
Nor shares the grief that blasts her mother's days.

A THUNDER STORM, WHILE TRAVELLING.

With what rude drapery Nature robes her form
Here in her sports! how wild! how picturesque!—
How beautiful!—The aspiring rugged cliffs
Rear their brown heads, now bare, and now involved

In clustering foliage. Verdant girdles bind
The hillocks rock-emboss'd,—while here and there,
The white cascade, half curtain'd, leaps to join
The expecting streamlet.—Here the silent sage
Might ruminate,—the anchorite obtain
A favourite cell,—or the meek christian view
Him smile, who ever in his works is found
By those who search aright.—
—O'er the expanse
Of glittering waters glides the snowy sail;—
The lilliputian boat by infants mann'd,
Steers amid fairy islets, circles round
The indented shore,—and in a tiny bay
Makes its safe harbour.—Up in boldness springs
A steep promontory,—the pure, waveless stream
Circles its base, while its indignant brow
Frowns through a helmet of deep forest green,
Nodding in lofty plumes.—But as we gaze
An unexpected gloom pervades the sky
Of summer's beauty.—From the wat'ry glass
Gleam strong reflections of the warrior clouds
Rushing to battle. The black tempest lifts
Its mighty banner.—Prompt with missile shafts,
Red lightning threatens,—awful thunders roar,
And in wild deluge falls the hasty rain.—
Yet, in the kindlings of this fearful wrath
Nature is graceful still.
—She may not blot
The impress of her Maker,—and the heart
That loves him,—loves the tablet he hath traced
Even on the hostile cloud.—

—Fair, rural scene,
Wilt thou not smile once more ?—No, darker throngs
Prolong the fierce encounter in the skies,
And heaven's gate trembles.—But thou soon shalt drink
The sun-beam,—and yon elemental war
Leave not a trace of sorrow.—Is it thus
With man's contentions ?—Ask the carnaged field,
The writhing form,—the widow's lonely heart.—
—Methinks this summer scenery, in its garb
Of brief adversity, admonishes
The musing mind.—Meekly it shadows forth
The landscape of our pilgrimage.—Rough blasts
Scatter our foliage, crush our cherish'd flowers,
And hollow thunders wake our bosom'd joys
To sudden flight.—But then through parting clouds
The sun of Mercy beams, leading the eye
Upward, and by a Father's discipline
Instructing the sad heart.

ON PASSING AT JAMESTOWN, VIRGINIA,

THE RUINS OF THE MOST ANCIENT CHURCH IN AMERICA.

Roll on, proud river, towards the mighty main,
And glow, gay shores, with summer's fostering smile,
Your grandeur charms, your beauties lure in vain
The traveller's eye from yonder ancient pile.

For there in solitary state it stands,
While sheltering boughs involve its time-worn frame,
The earliest temple rear'd by christian hands
To teach a heathen world Jehovah's name.

Thus gleam'd the altar, where the lonely ark
Found for the patriarch's foot a place of rest,
Ere from the wildering waste of waters dark
The rescued planet raised its mournful breast.

Hail hallow'd dome! whence first was heard to flow
That strain of praise which heavenly choirs repeat,
While the stern savage stay'd his quivering bow
From echo's voice to woo that cadence sweet.—

Here, her young babe, the pensive matron brought,
Here, the glad lover led his youthful bride,
And in thy solemn ordinance forgot
The far cathedral, once their childhood's pride.—

Were language thine, what scenes couldst thou describe
When the *New* World to meet the *Old* essay'd,—
The simple welcome of the wandering tribe,
The incipient hatred, and the blood-stain'd shade.

The plumed chieftains round their council-fire,—
The tireless hunters on the wind-swept hill,
The sober pilgrims like some patient sire,
Guarding the infant colony from ill.—

Here, for a time, beguiled by venal dreams,
They scorn'd the labours of a cultured soil,
To hoard the dust that paved their glittering streams
Till meagre Famine mock'd their futile toil.

Here* too, the ebon race from Afric's plains,
Learnt the dire import of the name of slave,

* "In August, 1620, a Dutch man of war landed twenty negroes for sale at Jamestown,—the first slaves which were ever brought to this country."—*Beverly's History of Virginia.*

Endured its burdens, punishments and pains,
And sank despairing, to a noteless grave.

Perchance, Powhatan here in regal pride,
His warriors marshall'd and his banners waved,
Or Pocahontas, smit with pity, sigh'd
For the pale victim that her valour saved.

Gone are the fathers to their mouldering bed,
Their vision vanish'd and their duties o'er,
The forest race like gliding shadows fled,
Throng the dark boundary of oblivion's shore:

But thou remain'st,—by ruthless Time revered,
And spared by tempests in their wrecking rage,
To hoar antiquity a friend endear'd,
The sacred beacon of a buried age.

So when the pomp and pageantry of earth
Shall feed the fierceness of destruction's fire,
The meek devotion that in thee had birth
Shall soar, unchanging, never to expire.

ON READING THE LIFE OF QUINCY, BY HIS SON.

Behold they burst their tombs!—They start to life!—
The Chiefs of other days, who nobly ranged
Around their infant country,—prompt to guard
Her serpent-haunted cradle.—Yes! they rise
From the red battle-sods, from ocean's breast,

And from the student's cell, whose midnight lamp
Fed on the oil of life,—they come to wake
Our lingering gratitude.—
And one I mark
Amid that band, whose brief and bright career,
Bold Sparta in her better days had claim'd
With stern and lofty joy.—Ask ye what thoughts
Convulsed his soul,—when his dear, native shores
Throng'd with the imagery of lost delight
Gleam'd on his darkening eye,—while the hoarse wave
Utter'd his death-dirge,—and no hand of love
Might yield its tender, trembling ministry ?—
A prayer was there, for her who ruled his heart,—
And for his babes that thrilling agony
Which none but parents feel.—Yet deeper grief
Still rankled there,—his country's wrongs and woes
Clung to the riven heart-string,—for he knew
Whose voice had sworn to be the widow's stay
And orphan's refuge ;—so the patriot sigh
Heaved in that dying bosom,—when the tear
Of husband and of father was exhaled.—
—Flock'd there around his couch in soothing dreams
Mid that last agony, no cherish'd form
Of kindred or of friend ?—Came not his Sire
Thither with hoary temples, bending low
In speechless sorrow,—Hancock, firm of soul,—
Great Adams, dauntless in the righteous cause.—
Or Otis,—whose electric eloquence
Was like the ethereal flash that quench'd its spire
Deep in his bosom ?—Breathed not Warren's voice
In fervent whisper to that parting soul,
" Wait,—wait my brother ! "—while he proudly rush'd

On with a martyr's spirit to the strife
Of young Thermopylæ ?—
In vain ! In vain !—
That awful hour had come which heeds no prayer
Of fond companionship.—Death's angel spake
Above the turmoil of the boisterous deep,
And warn'd the patriot hence.—
—With swimming glance,
Like him who erst from Pisgah's cliff descried
The unenter'd land of promise,—he survey'd
That emerald shore where slept in hallow'd graves
His ancestors, where rose in beauteous strength
The city of his joy,—crown'd by that mount
Where new-born Liberty essay'd to tread
The fearful wine-press,—laving her firm foot
In her sons' blood, to bless a future age.—
—The scene receded,—and he saw where Peace
Her seraph wing unfolded,—while the breath
Of everlasting melody pour'd forth
A welcome to the soul,—nor could he mourn
Exchange so blest,—but sought that brighter sphere.

"THIS YEAR, THOU SHALT DIE."

Jeremiah xxviii. 16.

Seems life to thee, in future prospect long ?—
In fancy dazzling, or fruition sweet ?—
And wilt thou listen to a syren's song ?—
Though heaven and earth in unison repeat
Life is the flower of grass,—a vision false and fleet.

Oh thou whose heart, even while it dictates, glows
Too much attach'd to this insidious cheat,
How few the measured hours that interpose
Between thy wanderings, and thy last retreat,—
Where Death's unsparing hand unveils each fair deceit.

"This year!"—how slight the barrier that divides
Thee from those loved ones in their graves that lie,
Soon pale and breathless, mouldering at their sides,
Thy fears, thy follies, thy delights shall fly
Fleet as the treacherous cloud that dimm'd the summer sky.

Hast thou no noxious passion to control
Before that hour approaches dark with shade?—
No morbid fear,—no sickness of the soul,—
No erring motive,—nor good deed delay'd,
For which thy peace with *Him who pardoneth* is not made?

"*This year* to die!"—Why all the years of man
Since forfeit Eden heard his parting sigh,
All generations with their boasted span
Are as a point to *His* Omniscient Eye
Who knows nor day nor night,—but rules Eternity.

SENTIMENT IN A SERMON.

"Piety flourishes best in a soil watered by tears, and often succeeds where harvests of temporal good have failed."

Hope's soft petals love the beam
That cheer'd them into birth,
Pleasure seeks a glittering stream
Bright oozing from the earth,

Knowledge yields his lofty fruit
To those who climb with toil,
But Heaven's pure plant strikes deepest root
Where tears have dew'd the soil.

Hope with flow'rets strews the blast
When adverse winds arise,
Pleasure's garlands wither fast
Before inclement skies,
Knowledge often mocks pursuit,
Involved in mazy shade,
But Piety yields richer fruit
When earthly harvests fade.

VICE.

In vain the heart that goes astray
From Virtue's seraph-guarded way,—
May hope that feelings just and free,
Meek peace,—or firm integrity,—
Or innocence, with snowy vest
Will condescend to be its guest.—
—As soon within the viper's cell
Might pure and white-wing'd spirits dwell,—
As soon the flame of vivid gleam
Glow in the chill and turbid stream;—
For by strong links, a viewless chain
Connects our wanderings with our pain,
And Heaven ordains it thus, to show
That bands of vice, are bonds of wo.

MOUNT VERNON.

Hail hallow'd dome, embosom'd deep in trees!
The loved retreat of Freedom's glorious son,
Who 'neath your shade inhaled the balmy breeze,
What time the day of deathful toil was done,
The din of battle o'er, the meed of victory won.

Fair terrace, where with brow serene he stray'd,
Ye groves and gardens, once his rural pride,
How oft your blending beauties he survey'd,
When the spent sun, that toward his couch did glide,
To sparkling silver turn'd Potomac's mighty tide.

Why hastening, lead me to yon lowly grave?
Let no irreverent step imprint the sod!
Dark cypress boughs in mournful homage wave,
And holy seems the ground, as that where trod
Once, with unsandall'd feet, the chosen seer of God.

Hero! is this thy bed? who to the ground
Of blood stain'd Monmouth, led with dauntless eye,
Cheer'd thy sad host at Trenton's leaguer'd bound,
And woke on Yorktown's heights the clarion cry,
God saves the righteous cause! God gives the victory!

Methinks the obelisk should pierce the cloud,
Where low in dust those honour'd limbs recline;
And far-seen banners warn a way-worn crowd
Of kneeling pilgrims to surround the shrine,
And pay their solemn vows with gratitude divine.

Our sons shall learn thy deeds; and o'er the page
Of history bending, or the poet's lyre,
To trace the godlike men of earlier age,

Of Greece, or Rome, or Ilion's walls of fire,
Shall yield the palm to thee, their fathers' friend and sire.

True, some like thee Oppression's front have braved,
Through clouds and tempests moved with equal mind,
Have even a realm beloved from bondage saved;
But who, like thee, an empire's reins resign'd?
Turn'd to their sylvan home, and left a world behind?

Say ye he *slumbers* here? The wild flower sighs,
And from his dewy pillow drinks its bloom,
And the hoarse evening blasts that murmuring rise,
Boast as they sweep the awful warrior's tomb,
Pause o'er his silent couch, and revel in the gloom.

Yet err ye not, to say he *sleeps* in death,
Who lives undying in his country's breast?
Pours through each hero's heart inspiring breath,
Gleams o'er the patriot's path, the sages rest,
Of every glorious soul the model and the guest?

THE DEAD INFANT.

I had a little tender flower,
I nursed it in my choicest bower,—
No storm disturb'd the guest;
And even if the nightly dew
Hung heavy on its head,—I flew
To warm it in my breast.—

And though to this my days were lent,—
For this,—my nights unslumbering spent.—
Yet could I not repent,—
A nameless pleasure sooth'd my care,
I loved the plant,—I saw 't was fair,
And knew by God 't was lent.

When watching o'er its balmy rest,
I pray'd,—" Oh be this blossom blest,
Although in tears 't was sown ;"
Then Death, whose form I did not see,
Still nearer sat, and watch'd with me,
And claim'd it for his own.

But when he took it to his home,
That narrow house where all must come,
Its cheek was deadly pale,—
On me, its eye imploring roll'd
To save it from a grasp so cold.
Ah !—what could this avail ?

Yet though he tore it from my arms,
And crush'd its bloom, and changed its charms,
And o'er it heap'd the clods,
And dimm'd its eye of gentle ray,
And gave its form to worms a prey,
It was not his,—but God's.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG MATRON.

At opening morn I saw a blissful scene
As if on earth a ray of Eden shone,
A lovely form with countenance serene,
Which bending from the pure, domestic throne,

Pour'd forth a sacred hymn in warbling tone,—
One beauteous boy was sporting at her side,
And one in cradle dreams, like bud new-blown,
While o'er her varying cheek in smiles would glide
A guardian angel's love, blent with a mother's pride.

At evening hour I look'd,—but wo was there!
On that young breast the spoiler's hand was laid,
Love's fondest hopes were lost in deep despair,
And horror brooded there in darkest shade;
The dews of pain had drench'd that sunny braid
Of clustering hair and dimm'd the eye's bright flame,
While clinging to the hand that lent no aid
Those cherub infants call'd their mother's name,
And wept in wondering wo, that no fond answer came.

Again I look'd,—and in the house of God
Where late she stood, her solemn vows to pay,
Choosing the narrow path her Saviour trod,
With marble brow the lovely sleeper lay,—
They bare her gently to her bed of clay,
And smooth'd the turf while tears fell down like rain,
But the young mother to a brighter day
Soar'd high,—above the flight of care and pain
To wear the spotless robe in her Redeemer's train.

A VISION.

Light pour'd upon me like a rushing flood,
And all was glorious.—The brief, trembling ties
That bound me grossly to this mouldering earth

Were fading into air.—Pure, white-wing'd forms
Flock'd round me, and with gentle art essay'd
To lure my upward flight, where harmony
Came softly breathing like some dulcet lute
From domes of pearl.—Methought they marshall'd me
Up to heaven's gate.—But on a poising cloud
Midway I hung.—So much the grosser weight
Of these corporeal elements prevail'd,
I might not rise ;—and yet so sweet they sang
" Come hither ! "—that by melody enchain'd
I could not backward turn.—My bright abode
Glittering with amber and with crimson, seem'd
Pavilion for some God.—Serene I lay
As on a couch impalpable,—o'erarch'd
With drapery brighter than Aurora's ray,
Which every moment changed.—Anon it sail'd
Deliciously,—as on some waveless sea
Which ask'd nor sail nor oar.—Each star breathed forth
Mysterious melody,—as on it toil'd
To do the Eternal's bidding, and fulfil
Its measured voyage.—There our orb revolved.—
Now stain'd with blood and now with sunbeams gay,
Here heap'd with hecatombs and there with fruits
Of joyous harvest.—To the loftier eye
Of some archangel traveller, whose broad wing
Circles the empyrean, it might seem
A dull, dim speck,—where crawling emmets toil
To treasure dust.—But as I gazed intent,
Black whizzing pinions, with hoarse words swept by,
As if the rude blast shaped itself a voice,
—" What doth this mortal *here ?* "—And then I saw
A mighty seraph with a flaming trump
Descend majestic.—Toward our globe he sped,

As if commission'd to proclaim her hour
Of final dissolution.—My sad heart
Yearn'd o'er its first abode,—and though I fear'd
Her atmosphere would soon be liquid fire,
And all her glories vanish as a scroll,
I fain must leave my Paradise for her.—
—From my pure, odorous couch I madly leap'd.—
I fell interminably.—At the shock
The vision fled,—and I with transport hail'd
The firm, green earth,—and girt myself to toil
A little longer in her wildering race,
Then in her bosom sleep.

THE ENTREATY OF RUTH.

Why wouldst thou banish from thy side
  One, who can ne'er forget thy care ?
Who in thy home would fain abide,
  Or all thy weary wanderings share ?—

Say'st thou, alas !—no home is thine ?—
  Then where the wild blast wrecks the tree,
Where forests frown, or brambles twine,
  My Mother ! I will dwell with thee.

Yes.—Yes.—O'er mountain, stream and hill,
  Fast by thy steps my feet shall tread,
The same pure fount our cup shall fill,
  The same lone cavern be our bed :—

This hand shall strew thy thorny road
With dear affection's filial flowers,
One God,—one people,—one abode,—
One grave,—one burial shall be ours.

SELF EXAMINATION.

Seek not of man with light applause to pay
The priceless guerdon of a well-spent day,—
Wait not for him to judge the generous deed,
But spread the scroll, and bid thy Conscience read.
Rest on thy couch,—recline within thy cell,
And ask that silent one, if all be well?—
Then if she smile, receive the rapturous meed,—
Nor boast the motive,—nor proclaim the deed,
Wait till the day of doom, the hour of fate,
Even as the expecting Jews for their Messiah wait.

GREECE.

Clime of the unprotected brave!
Clime of the ancient, and the free!
Whose blood stain'd banners boldly wave
Mid storms that rock the Ægean sea,
With arm supine, and careless thought
Why gaze we on thy conflict dire?
To win that prize our fathers bought,
Why tamely see thy sons expire?

True,—we can glow at Homer's lay,
Enraptured hang o'er Pindar's lyre,
Start at thy pencil's deathless ray,
Thy breathing marble's force admire,
At awful Marathon can list
To catch the Persian's tone of shame,
At proud Thermopylæ assist
To bind the immortal wreath of fame;
'But when from slaughter'd Scio speeds
The Moslem curse, the helpless cry,
The echo of unutter'd deeds,—
We tax our pity with a *sigh!*
Oh Ye! who saw the mighty yield
On Saratoga's laurell'd plain
Or bade on Monmouth's fervid field
Your wounded bosoms flow like rain,—
Rise!—though your wasted locks be gray,
Though chill'd with want your last retreat,
Lift high the wither'd hand, and say
How strong your kindred pulses beat,—
Rise!—tell your sons what generous pain,
What warm, indignant zeal revives,
When 'gainst oppression's wreathed chain
The crush'd, yet lofty spirit strives;—
And tell their cradled babes the tale,—
How oft to wrest the tyrant's rod
Do Liberty and Truth prevail
Clad in the panoply of God,—
Then, ere the holy tear shall cease
To dew their cheek like rose-bud fair,
Devoutly stamp the name of *Greece*
Deep, on their unpolluted prayer.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF A YOUNG FRIEND, DURING MY ABSENCE.

I left a rose within a lovely bower,
Rearing on polish'd stem its bosom fair,—
I went my way, and roam'd a little hour,
Then turning sought it, but it was not there;—
Though I had watch'd it with a florist's care
When its young bloom first woo'd admiring eyes,
And breath'd o'er its unfolding germ, the prayer,—
And mark'd with grateful hope its beauties rise,
Yielding their smile to earth, their fragrance to the skies.

I ask'd the winds if in their ruffian pride
They on the dust had strew'd those petals rare?
I call'd the blasts and mildews to my side
And question'd each. They said they might not dare
The spoiler's deed upon a work so fair.—
But the mild breeze from a far dome convey'd
A strain of joy.—It said my Rose was there
Bound in a vase of love,—and so I bade
Within its trembling orb, the selfish tear be stay'd.

THE EIGHTH PSALM.

Oh Lord our Lord,—how great thy name!
Whose praise both heaven and earth proclaim!
Even babes with unaccustom'd tongue
And infant lips in knowledge young,
Pour forth the sweet, accordant song,
And put to shame the impious throng.—

—When on yon vaulted heavens I look,
That proudest page in nature's book,
Where the fair moon her course doth hold
And stars shoot forth in beamy gold,
Lord what is man !—that from above
Thou deign'st to visit him with love,
And kindly place him just below
Those angel-guards that round thee glow.—
—Thou giv'st him power to rule the train
That glide within the secret main,
And those that spread the sounding wing,
And mid the fields of ether sing,
And those who roam the varied earth
Of gentle kind, or savage birth.
—Yet what is he, frail child of clay ?—
Who boasts o'er fleeting earth the sway,
Himself the being of a day,
Compared Oh God of Hosts, to thee,
Great Ruler of Immensity !

THE COMET OF 1825.

Amid the bright, ethereal road,
Serene, the solar system glow'd,
From central orb, to farthest space,
Each marshall'd planet knew its place,
All measuring out their varied year
Amid the music of the sphere,
As when from chaos first they sprang
And morning stars together sang.—
—But all at once, a stranger came
With fearful haste on car of flame,

And seem'd to threat with eagle swoop
The safety of the placid group.—
—Him, heavy Herschel first espied
And to his guards in waiting, cried,
" Ho !—heave a light out,—starboard—quick !
The atmosphere 's so dense and thick
The longitude I cannot take,
But bearing down upon our wake
A questionable shape I spy,
That through the mist looms large and high ;
I' d send a boarding-boat, and know
Whether it comes as friend or foe,
But far its speed transcends my power,
It moves at forty knots an hour,
Stand to your tackle all !—I fear
'T is some amphibious privateer."—
From moon to moon his orders ran,
Like admiral's to midshipman,
So all, their heads together laid,
Voted to call for Saturn's aid.
Then through his speaking trumpet hoarse
Stout Herschel blew a blast of force,—
His shipmates rang their bugles keen,
And fired their signal guns between.
—Grave Saturn shoved his ring aside,
Put on his spectacles, and cried,
" These idle stragglers sure increase,
Who do no work, but break the peace,
Poach where they choose on other's grounds,
And scorn all fences, rights, and bounds.—
See,—how yon flaunting coxcomb speeds,
And lashes on his foaming steeds,

Sheer o'er my turnpike-gate he leaps,
And pays no toll,—no Sunday keeps,—
He 'll kill his horses soon,—'t is clear,
We strangely need a work-house here."—
—Then added soon, with smother'd ire,
" Perchance he comes to bring our Sire
Fuel to feed his wasted fire ;
Should coals be rendered cheaper here,
And our long winters less severe,
We needs must wink at this career."—
So bade his satellites to keep
Close by his side like folded sheep,
For belted Jupiter had thrown
His gauntlet at the usurper down ;—
" Ha !—Saturn ! give the watch-word there,
And bid the intrusive spy beware,—
Call out your forces !—sure there 's need !—
Or stay,—I 'll come and take the lead ;"
Then cap-a-pie stood forth to view
Like Bonaparte at Waterloo.—
—But blustering Mars his speech curtail'd
And Jupiter and Saturn hail'd—
" D' ye sleep,—while such bold traitors tramp
Straight o'er the bulwarks to the camp ?—
The powers in office best should know
Why I am disregarded so,—
Without a man or horse to aid
'Gainst rude attack, or ambuscade,—
My martial spirit chafes to bear
Such cowardice, and laws unfair,
Things cannot long be thus deranged,
Our constitution must be changed ;"

And as he shook his warlike head,
His sanguine visage wax'd more red,
Like blacksmith's anvil bright with beating,
Or demagogue at freemen's meeting.—
—The Asteroids were sadly flutter'd,
And all in chorus groan'd and sputter'd,—
For youngest daughters of the sphere,
And from the nursery scarce set clear,
They deem'd themselves exceeding wise
In all the secrets of the skies.
Sleek Madam Vesta, skill'd to peep
When in her cradle, feigning sleep,
Had heard by stealth, that she was fair,—
So putting on her prettiest air,
She thought the guest she would not miss,
But win a sugar-plum or kiss.
Her visage shone so sweetly mild,
That shrewish Juno chid the child,—
And Pallas bade her mind her book,
And on the letters strictly look :—
While thrifty Ceres, early taught
To hoard the half-pence that she got,
Lock'd up her tiny stores with grief,
And in the stranger smelt a thief,
Gave up her vast domains for lost,
And like a roasting chesnut toss'd.—
—Tellus, the news could scarcely brook,
And with a strong rheumatic shook,
A chronic weakness which had clung
Close to her nerves, since she was young,—
When a cold rain, and tedious flood
Long in her upper stories stood.—

—Some superstitious legend, she
Had listening, learn'd in infancy,
That when old age should o'er her creep
And dotage lull her powers to sleep,
A flaming foe, with purpose dire,
Should rushing, set her clothes on fire.
She fear'd he might forestall the time,
Although she scarce was in her prime
She said;—but yet was prone to make
About her age some slight mistake,—
Like waning spinsters, who forget
Nothing,—except their proper date,
And sometimes tear the leaf outright
From bible register in spite.
So mother Earth oppressed with fear,
Blamed her unfriendly atmosphere,
And faint and nervous, shriek'd to see
Her sole attendant, apogee,
And rang and call'd like timid crone,
Caught in a thunder-storm alone.
—Miss Luna, muffling up her head,
Went with the ague, straight to bed,
Put out her lamp, and bade them tell
She could not hear her mistress' bell,
Begg'd them with motherwort to dose her,
And drew her cloudy night-cap closer.—
—But beauteous Venus, newly drest,
Was glad to hear of stranger-guest,
Peer'd out to see his trappings shine,
And smiled and murmur'd—"La! how fine!
Phœbus so stingy is, and cold,
That our court-dresses all are old,—

And every beau so stupid grown,
I 'm moped to death here, quite alone,—
This traveller looks prodigious grand,—
Why Lord!—he 's driving four in hand,—
Old Sol can boast no studs so nice
They 'd whisk to Sirius in a trice.
Straight toward our Sire he hastes, I see,
To make proposals, sure, for me,—
I hope he 's rich,—for that 's the thing,
His equipage bespeaks a king.—
Both chivalry and taste he 'll prove,
By such a journey too, for love."—
With that, she drew her dressing case
To rub the spots from off her face,
But warn'd by woman's latent fear
Too bold or willing to appear,
All faint and fluttering as a bride
She threw her lattice up, and cried—
—" Mercury!—dear neighbour! stop, I pray!
What savage monster flies this way?—
I 'm scared to death,—in such a fright
I have not slept a wink all night.
You 're in your perihelion, too,
So handy to the palace, do
Just stop,—such tremors shake my frame,
And ask our Sire the creature's name."—
—So Mercury, train'd like modern beaux
To oblige the ladies, *when he chose*,
Made his best congee, bending low,
And promptly answer'd " I will so."—
Then donn'd his salamander hat,
And off upon his transit sat,

New-greased his wheels,—and loosed his reins
Swifter to scour wide Ether's plains,
And popp'd the question to the Sun
Just as the guest his gate had won.—
—The monarch sternly from his throne
Rebuked his household, every one,
Said 't was a shame that stranger's eye
Such sloth and gossiping should spy,—
Charged them that when from foreign court
High envoys came to make report,
To mind their business, trim their light,
And keep their harness clean and tight,—
Nor vainly strive with curious eye
Into his cabinet to pry.—
—Poor Richard or King Solomon
No wiser lectured than Sir Sun,—
"For all, quoth he, who shun their labours,
And leave their work to mind their neighbours,
Will find when call'd to pay the cost,
The substance, in the shadow lost."—

INTEMPERANCE.

I saw mid bowering shades a cottage home
Where elegance with sweet simplicity
Had blent her charms.—Around its graceful porch
Twined the gay woodbine, while the velvet lawn
Fresh roses sprinkled, and those snowy walls
Seem'd through their leafy canopy to smile
A welcome to the guest.—My heart was light,

As toward this bower of bliss I drew, to greet
A friend who in my careless boyhood shared
Each healthful sport, each hour of studious toil,
With kindred emulation.—And I thought
After my wanderings in a foreign clime,
How sweet to rest as he hath, pleasantly
In such pure paradise, and watch the bloom
Of young affections.—Near that open door
Two cherub children gamboll'd.—One display'd
In such strong miniature the manly charms
Of my long-parted friend, that in my soul
Woke the warm pulses of remember'd joy.—
There was the same bold forehead, where disguise
Might never lurk,—the same full hazle eye
Melting, yet ardent.—
On with willing smile
He led his fairy sister, murmuring low
In varied tones of dovelike tenderness,
And sometimes o'er her lily form would bend
In infantine protection, with such grace,
That in my arms I clasped him, and exclaim'd
"Show me thy father."—
—On a couch he lay.—
Who lay?—I dared not call him *friend!*—That wreck
Of nature's nobleness!—Had dire disease,
Or ruthless poverty thus changed a brow
Where beam'd bright fancy,—intellectual light,
And soaring dignity of soul?—Ah no!—
For then I would have join'd my face to his
And spoke of Heaven.—But Vice her hideous seal
Had stamp'd upon those features, and the mind,
The ethereal mind debased.—

—*She* too was near,
Who at God's altar gave her holiest vow
In all the trusting confidence of love
To this her chosen friend.—On her young cheek
There was a cankering grief,—and the pale trace
Of beauty's rosebud nipp'd.—
—Something I said,
But faint and brokenly of former days,
When in the paths of science and of hope,
We walk'd, twin-hearted.—Then there came a peal
Of vacant laughter from those bloated lips,
And the swooll'n hand with trembling haste was stretch'd
For friendship's grasp.
—Twas but a transient rush
Of generous feeling.—At the shouting voice
Of his young children sporting near his bed
His fiery eye-ball flash'd,—and a hoarse threat
Appall'd those innocent ones,—and that fair girl,
From whom intemperance had reft the guide
Which nature gave, in terror hid her face
Deep in her mother's robe.—
—I would have cursed
The poisonous bowl, but then in the meek eye
Of her who loved him, shone such pleading tear
Of silent, deep endurance, that all thought
Of sternness breathed itself away in sighs.
—I went my way,—for how could I sustain
Such change in one so loved !—and as I went
I mourn'd *that* widowhood and orphanage,
Which hath nor hope nor pity.—Sad I roam'd
Far down the violet-broider'd vale, and when
No eye beheld me, to the earth I bow'd

My head, and said in anguish,—" Oh my God !—
—What is the beauty and the strength of man,
His fairest promise, and his proudest powers
Without thine aid ?—So keep us from the sins
Which in us lurk, that we at last may rise
Where is no hurtful impulse, erring choice,
Or dark temptation working baleful deeds
For penitence to purge,—but Virtue dwells
Fast by her Sire,—and finds a deathless joy."

THE OLD MAN.

Why gaze ye on my hoary hairs,
  Ye children, young and gay ?
Your locks, beneath the blast of cares,
  Will bleach as white as they.

I had a mother once, like you,
  Who o'er my pillow hung,
Kiss'd from my cheek the briny dew,
  And taught my faltering tongue.

She, when the nightly couch was spread,
  Would bow my infant knee,
And place her hand upon my head,
  And kneeling, pray for me.

But then, there came a fearful day,
  I sought my mother's bed,
Till harsh hands bore me thence away,
  And told me she was dead.

I pluck'd a fair white Rose, and stole
To lay it by her side,
And thought strange sleep enchain'd her soul,
For no fond voice replied.

That eve, I knelt me down in wo
And said a lonely prayer,
Yet, still my temples seem'd to glow
As if that hand were there.

Years fled—and left me childhood's joy,
Gay sports and pastimes dear,
I rose a wild and wayward boy,
Who scorn'd the curb of fear.

Fierce passions shook me like a reed,
Yet, ere at night I slept,
That soft hand made my bosom bleed,
And down I fell and wept.

Youth came—the props of Virtue reel'd!—
But oft at day's decline,
A marble touch my brow congeal'd—
Blest Mother!—was it thine?—

In foreign lands I travell'd wide,
My pulse was bounding high,
Vice spread her meshes at my side,
And pleasure lured my eye;—

Yet, still *that hand*, so soft and cold,
Maintain'd its mystic sway,
As when amid my curls of gold
With gentle force it lay.

And with it breathed a voice of care
As from the lowly sod,
"My son—my only one—beware!
Nor sin against thy God."

Ye think, perchance, that age hath stole
My kindly warmth away,
And dimm'd the tablet of the soul;—
Yet when with lordly sway,

This brow the plumed helm display'd
That guides the warrior throng;
Or beauty's thrilling fingers stray'd
These manly locks among,

That hallow'd touch was ne'er forgot!—
And now, though Time hath set
His frosty seal upon my lot,
These temples feel it yet.

And if I e'er in heaven appear,
A mother's holy prayer,
A mother's hand, and gentle tear,
That pointed to a Saviour dear,
Have led the wanderer there.

DAVID AND JONATHAN.

Thou, who dost teach the human heart to glow
At other's joys, or melt in other's wo,
Thou, holy Friendship, whose benignant power,
Disarms of grief the temporary hour,

Instruct my feeble pencil to portray
The sacred ardour of an ancient day.—
Aid me the tuneful shepherd's love to sing,
And his, the offspring of the Jewish king.—
—When first, of moody Saul, the palace gay
Rang to the son of Jesse's heaven-taught lay,—
The listening prince, in willing durance bound
Chain'd to the wild variety of sound,
Loved the fair minstrel for his magic art,
And shrined his virtues in a faithful heart.—
—Oft when the restless cares of day were still
And the young moon rose soft o'er Zion's hill,
The gentle pair with lingering steps would tread,
Where Millo's vale in shelter'd beauty spread.—
And then the shepherd youth would sweetly say
How God had led him on his unknown way,
Had saved him while he watch'd his fleecy care,
From the mad lion, and the ranging bear,
From a low tent to royal courts had brought,
His wanderings counsell'd and his weakness taught:
And when with tender words his hope he sigh'd,
That even through death's dark vale that hand would guide,
The pious ardour through his partner stole
And fix'd the fondness of his generous soul.—
—And ever as their varying lore declined
The harp's wild music floated on the wind,
While on the turf the spell-bound prince would lie
With lip half closed, and lightning in his eye,
Till soon his warm, confiding heart could know
No undivided joy, or unimparted wo.—
—Once, as they traversed wide the dewy lawn
What time Aurora warn'd the trembling dawn,

The silent prince to kindling friendship true,
Unbound his girdle rich with Tyrian hue,
Cast o'er the shepherd youth his royal vest,
And wreath'd the glittering baldric round his breast,
With love's strong force his mild resistance quell'd,
And thus with gentle words the deed compell'd,—
—" Take too this sword in fatal combat true,
This bow well-polish'd of the stubborn yew,
And when this radiant robe thy bosom dear
Shall shield from tempests and from blasts severe,
When the keen arrow from this sounding bow,
Shall stay the footstep of thy deadly foe,—
Then think of him who gave these gifts to prove
The sacred seal of everlasting love."—
—But when the shepherd youth for deed of arms
Resign'd his harp and contemplation's charms,
When Gath's proud champion yielded to his shock
As to the bolt of heaven, the towering rock,
When hostile armies shuddering heard his name,
The envious monarch fear'd a rival's fame,
With cloudy brow he roam'd, and muttering low
Devised *his* death who saved the realm from wo.
Then to his throne an anxious suppliant prest
With filial reverence, and a warm request,
That moved his soul a pious awe to feel,
This wing'd his language with impatient zeal.—
—" Why should my royal father's anger rise
To count his servant hateful in his eyes ?—
What evil hath he done ?—what folly wrought ?—
Wise are his ways, and free from guile his thought.
Bold in thy battles, prompt at thy command
He dared the proudest of the hostile band,

Plunged in the thickest ranks devoid of fear,
And bought thy kingdom's safety with his spear.
—That moving mountain clad in polish'd mail,
Whose thundering step struck all our legions pale,
Unarm'd he met!—the threat'ning champion fell,
God by this stripling rescued Israel.
Loud shouts of joy through ransom'd millions spread
Relieved from shuddering fear and sleepless dread,
It séem'd the very woods and valleys spake,
And thou, thyself, did'st in that joy partake;—
And when by virtues pure, and service hard,
He won thy daughter's heart, and God's regard,
Without a cause shall thy resentment run,
Impeach thy sceptre, and destroy thy son?"—
—Breathless he paused,—but ere his voice was hush'd,
Before the son the conscious father blush'd,
Shame struggled in his breast, and half amazed
At his own guilt, his hand to heaven he raised.
"Now by *His* life who rends the scroll of time,
Who prospers virtue and denounces crime,
Even by *His* truth who rules the wrathful main,
David shall live, thou hast not sued in vain."—
—On joy's quick wing the prince impatient fled,
And toward the throne his friend exulting led,
Scarce could the sick'ning king with patience brook
His gentle bearing, and reproachless look,—
And half he wish'd that unoffending smile
Had been the mask of perfidy or guile,—
Wish'd that but once he had betray'd his trust,
Had been less upright, and he less unjust.
But soon remorse her scorpion-scourge resign'd,
And virtue's greeting calm'd his troubled mind,

Joy from the artless brow with radiance flow'd,
And pleasure revell'd in the king's abode.—
—When war, once more aroused Judea's plain,
And Gath's proud legions dared her hostile train,
The shepherd youth forsook his tuneful reed,
For stern contention, and the victor's meed.
But envy follow'd where his glory shone,
And hatred darted from the monarch's throne:
The glittering javelin pointed at his heart,
And home besieged compel him to depart.—
While she, whose smile that gentle home endear'd,
His first-espoused, whose love his sadness cheer'd,
With trembling hand assists his hasty flight,
Beneath the covert of the gloomy night,
Checks the fond tear, assumes heroic fire,
And bids him shun the madness of her sire.—
In mountain caves his exiled head he lays,
With serpents slumbers, or with monsters strays,
Till venturing where Judea's forests rise,
The pensive prince salutes his eager eyes,
With breathless ardour from the shades he breaks,
And choked with tears his plaint of anguish makes.
—" Oh thou !—the only solace of a heart
Which throbs with pain, and longs with life to part,
With thy loved voice assuage my deep despair,
My unknown crime, my secret sin declare,
For which thy father still my blood desires,
With bitter hatred's unrelenting fires,
While I, an outcast, scarce his shafts elude
Like the spent partridge o'er the cliffs pursued."—
—" Thou, dearer made by adverse fortune's dart,
Bound by these sorrows closer to my heart,

Think not that royal Saul would raise his arm,
To wound thy bosom, or procure thy harm.—
My God forbid that such a rash decree
Should pass his lips, yet be conceal'd from me."
But still upon the sufferer's brow there strove
A fix'd despair with agonizing love,—
—" Suppose ye not the king our friendship knows,
And like a sire regards his son's repose ?—
See! near our feet a narrow streamlet bends
Close at our side a thicket's shade extends,
With one short step the opposing marge I press,
Or with another gain yon wove recess,
But shorter is the step, more brief the wave
Between thy servant, and a gory grave."—
" Oh ! let thy brow once more serenely shine,
Lift up those sunk and tearful eyes to mine,
For by yon heavens that arch above our head,
And by *that Hand* which all those glories spread,
If I my Father's secret purpose find,
Yet hide that purpose from thy wounded mind,
Let vengeful thunders from the concave roll,
And *that dread Hand* requite my perjured soul.—
Now, summon'd, to our stated feast I go,
Yet not to revel, but partake thy wo,
And deeply treasured in my heart will bear
Thy lonely lot, thy wanderings, and thy care.—
But thou, within thy secret haunt remain,
Till the third morn imprint the dewy plain,
Then with my quiver will I seek the place
As if I purposed to pursue the chase,—
And if I there my stripling servant guide,
To catch the arrow dropping at my side,

And quick return it to the lingering bow,—
Go thou in peace,—for God relieves our wo.—
But if I cry ' *beyond !—beyond* thee there ! '—
Oh ! thou my friend,—the bitter sentence spare."—
—Yet ah ! how sad the parting glance exprest
The deep forebodings of each faithful breast.
Even Nature sicken'd,—day her eye withdrew,—
The humid evening shed a baleful dew,—
The distant tempest from its cavern groan'd,
Hoarse night birds shriek'd, the echoing forest moan'd,
O'er the faint moon, wild clouds menacing flew,
And round her pallid orb their circles drew,
Till shrinking in her cell, she shunn'd to tread
A path so darksome, and so full of dread.—
—The guiltless exile sought the deepest shade
Where tangled boughs a midnight covert made ;
On the damp earth his lonely couch he found,
His silent lip in anguish prest the ground,
His soul conflicting, wounded, and opprest,
Sought for that home where all the weary rest,'
Yet to its Maker's throne preferr'd its prayer,
Reveal'd its wrongs, its dangers and its care.—
—But now the clarion's tone invites a crowd,
From the high temple to the palace proud,
From victim's blood on reeking altar shed,
To flowing wine, and pompous feast they fled.—
Yet in the scene which pleasure seem'd to sway
Amid that throng so mirthful and so gay,
One heart was wrung, with friendship's deep despair,
And one distorted with unpitied care,—
And still the monarch's restless glance explored
The passing nobles, and the festive board,

Sought for his victim with suspicious air
Mid each bright circle, but he was not there.—
—Yet when the second day its revels woke
Restrain'd no more, the struggling tempest broke,
And thus the king, with stern inquiry spoke.—
" Where is the son of Jesse ?—Doth he scorn
The sacred service of this hallow'd morn ?
Casts he contempt upon our ancient feast ?"
—The graceful prince replied,—" The absent guest
Is well excused. The weighty cause I know,
Earnest he sued,—I pray thee let me go,
Heaven's high decree thy servant's step detains,
And by my leave thus distant he remains."
Convulsive rage the monarch's brow deform'd
Wild as the whirlwind of the north he storm'd.
—" Rebellious offspring of a wretched sire,
Son of perverseness, and of folly dire !
How long wilt thou thy own confusion choose,
Pursue the evil, and the good refuse ?
For while that son of Jesse loads the earth
Vain are thy honours and thy royal birth.
But thou, degenerate prince, wouldst yield thy sword
The dastard minion of a shepherd lord !
Go,—bring the usurper forth !—and let him meet
The doom he merits at his sovereign's feet."
—Then as he ceased, the glittering javelin sent,
Disclosed his madness, and his base intent.
Roused from his seat, with unaccustom'd ire,
The son partook the fury of the sire,
Friendship and grief, which late his soul had tost,
In wild surprise and sudden wrath were lost.

One foot the advance, as if in combat made,
One hand instinctive sought the temper'd blade,
But one short moment mark'd the frenzy's sway,
Its birth, its growth, indulgence and decay:
Thus on the rippling lake the clouds that fly,
Stain one pure wave,—the next restores its die.
—A voice was heard within the warrior's mind
"Behold thy *father!*"—and his rage declined.
From the high halls in anxious haste he rush'd,
With muttering lip, and cheek indignant flush'd,
Traversed the distant wild in rapid flight,
And like a meteor vanish'd from the sight.
—Now to the outcast in his lonely shade
The expected morn her tardy movement made;
First, with a mantle dark, and plume of gray
She sought the chariot of the slumbering day,
Then through her loosen'd folds were seen to flush
A vest of azure, and a purple blush,
And as her dewy robe the mountain swept
The watcher's eye beheld her grace and wept,
Wept at his wish!—for he had wish'd her near
To seal his doom, or to dispel his fear.

But ere the rising Sun began his race
With lingering step the prince approach'd the place,
As at some recollected wrong he frown'd,
His tear-swoll'n eyes dejected sought the ground,
He lifts his arm,—the sad spectator shakes,
Wide through the air its flight the arrow takes,
While with faint voice he to his servant cries
"Haste thee!—*beyond!—beyond!*—the arrow lies"
Quick rushing to the thicket's breast, he found
His prostrate friend, who thrice salutes the ground.

Low at his side the royal mourner lay
And gave the tempest of his anguish way.
No sound escapes, except the sob of wo,
Heart beats to heart, and tears in torrents flow,
A long embrace succeeds,—a rending sigh,—
A secret prayer of speechless agony,—
And then the prince his parting grief exprest,
With broken accents, and a throbbing breast,
As sighs in feeble tone, with laboring breath,
The hollow farewell from the bed of death.—
—" Depart in peace!—for thus that God ordains,
Who guides thy wanderings and will sooth thy pains,
Where'er thou journeyest, or whate'er thy care,
My heart shall follow, and my spirit share.
Look to the heavens!—for earth can yield no balm,
To cheer my sorrow, or my soul to calm.
Oh! may our friendship to our sons extend,
And to their sons our ardent vows descend,
Strong, brilliant and propitious be the fires
Caught from the ashes of their mouldering sires,
When we, at rest, above this changing sun,
Shall end in glory, what in wo begun."—
—One sad adieu they change,—one look they cast
Of parting love,—the longest,—and the *last!*—
The prince retires to Israel's warlike bands,
The tuneful shepherd hastes to foreign lands,
A stranger king with ready zeal supplies
That kind protection which his own denies.
Years fled away on pinions dark and slow,
And time assuaged the current of his wo.—
—Once as he mused upon a distant scene,
His love-cheer'd home, and native valleys green,

The dazzling hopes that lured his youthful view,
The constant friend, in all his sorrows true,
And as his lonely heart amid its pain,
Would throbbing leap to share those joys again,
A traveller came, whose brow was pale with dread,
Rent were his robes, and dust defiled his head.
—" I saw the battle on Gilboa's height,
Where Israel proudly urged her men of might,
Before the spear of Gath those legions fled,
Her king is slain,—her godlike prince is dead,
I saw their robes distain'd,"—he scarcely said,
And paused,—for sorrow shook the exile's frame,
Tears o'er his brow in rushing torrents came,
While on his trembling harp he breath'd his wo
With broken cadence, and in murmurs low.
—" Who, on those high and lonely cliffs shall save
The uncover'd ashes of the fallen brave ?
Who from their summits cleanse the fatal stain
Of royal strength, and manly beauty slain ?—
—O wounded Israel ! hide thy tears that flow,
Lest proud Philistia triumph in thy wo,
Lest list'ning Gath should taunt thy mourning train,
Or haughty Ekron revel in thy pain.
—And ye Gilboa's mountains, stern and rude,
Whose guilty cliffs received the royal blood,
Who saw remorseless on the battle day
The shield from God's anointed torn away,
Raise not your brows, the dews of heaven to taste,
Let no kind shower refresh your parching waste,
No purifying stream for you be spilt,
Nor sacred offerings expiate your guilt.
—In the dire contest, in the glorious fight,
How bold were they, who now lie wrapt in night !—

The prince's bow,—what mortal force could stay!
The monarch's sword what valour turn away!—
Like eagles swift, their dauntless course was run,
In life united, and in death but one.—
—Oh! lift o'er fallen Saul, the tearful eye
Ye Jewish dames,—whose robes in splendor vie,
He gave those robes with glittering pomp to shine,
And in his tomb your treasured joys decline.
—How are the mighty fallen, in danger's hour,
Though girt with strength, and doubly arm'd in power;
On their own lands their mingled blood was shed,
And vanquish'd legions bow'd the astonish'd head.—
—But Oh! my soul is sad,—my tears descend
For thee, my more than brother, more than friend!—
Long tried and firm, was thy attachment kind,
Than friendship warmer, more than love refined,—
What shall I say?—for ill these tones express
Thy buried goodness, or my own distress.—
—How are the mighty fallen!—how turn'd away
The heroes shield in war's disastrous day!"—

SABRINA.

"Within the present age, the island of Sabrina, escaping from the grasp of Neptune, raised her head above the Ocean, in the neighbourhood of the Azores, and after holding her station for several years, slipped her cable, and put to sea, on a returnless voyage."

Professor Hall.

One day, as the nymphs of the Ocean disported
Around father Neptune, and touch'd the sweet lyre,—
The old monarch smiled as his favour they courted,
And bade them request what their hearts should desire.

Some ask'd for new chaplets of gems for their tresses,
And some for a mermaid to wait in their cell ;—
But we know not enough of the fashions and dresses
In the court of the deep, all those wishes to tell.—

One nymph, fair Sabrina, seem'd prest with emotion,
And *last*, to the throne of her Sire took her way,—
" I am sick, she exclaim'd of these drear halls of Ocean ;
Oh !—let me ascend to the empire of Day."

He frown'd—but her tears o'er his footstool were streaming,
And stern for his chariot, the signal he gave,—
Thick-studded with pearls its pale axle was gleaming,
And the hue of its steeds like the foam of the wave.—

Swift, swift through the fathomless regions it bore them,
Beneath it, the billows obediently curl'd,
It emerged,—and an islet lay verdant before them
Where cleaves the Atlantic the zone of the world.—

There Neptune alighted, and scoop'd for his daughter
In a rock of white coral, an amber-lined cell,
A fountain he fill'd with the purest of water,
And gravely, yet tenderly bade her farewell.

The maid of the deep with intense admiration
Discover'd what Day in its pageantry gave,
And pour'd to the empress of Night, a libation
When beam'd her mild ray on the slumbering wave.—

Half hid in her fountain, she gazed with emotion,
Then trembling, yet curious, averted her eye,—

As the bold sons of earth, on the green breast of Ocean
Beneath the white sail glided gloriously by.

But slowly the seasons their circles would measure
While each from the stores of her ecstacy stole,
Till she mourn'd for the bowers of her infantine pleasure
And wept for her sisters in sadness of soul.

Now,—dark was the desolate face of the Ocean
And frightful the surge of the hollow-voiced main,—
And she learn'd, as she shrank from the billows commotion
That to rove from the sphere of our duty, is pain.

Her isle seem'd a prison,—her fountain a bubble,—
And sick'ning the view of the azure-arch'd skies,
She breathed in the ear of each dolphin her trouble,
And freighted the nautilus' shell with her sighs.

At the news of her anguish, old Neptune relented,
As parents are wont, even when anger is just,
And he said,—"if Sabrina her choice has repented
The halls of her father are free as at first."

He lifted his trident, and wondering Nature
Released the slight isle from her motherly sway,
It leap'd like Strombolo,—and fumed like the crater
Where Ætna with splendor eclipses the day.

It plunged,—and the maiden in fear and in sorrow
Shriek'd loud as she breathed its bituminous air,
The gases sulphuric detected with horror
And pour'd to each god of the waters, her prayer.

But straight to the palace of Neptune 't was tending
As a bark to its haven is gallantly row'd,
For yoked to that islet, his strength freely lending
Was a well-harness'd whale, by a triton bestrode.

To welcome Sabrina with dances and gladness
Her companions came forth from their coral-roof'd bowers,
With smiles and caresses they stifled her sadness,
Brought vases of shell-work, and Ocean's pale flowers.

But Neptune, grave king,—on his bright throne reclining,
Thus caution'd the nymphs and the tritons,—"Beware!
The mind that indulges in causeless repining,
Will still be the same, in earth, ocean, or air."

DEFEAT OF THE QUEEN OF NARRAGANSETT, IN 1679.

Sound, sound the charge!—
Urge on the combatants to deeds of blood,—
Embroil the forest-children with the lords
Who seek their heritage.—The steep hill's base
Is white with tents.—Beyond,—with curling wave
Old Narragansett sweeps his swelling bay,—
Indignant that his shores so oft resound
The din of warfare,—and that murder's tide
Curdles in those pure waters, which unstain'd
Had flow'd from their Creation.—
See!—they come!—
They haste to battle.—One, with volleying flash,

Whose wreathed smoke involves their rushing lines,—
The other but with quiver, and bare breast,
And lion heart.—Ah!—the contending din,
The shock,—the shout,—the revelry of war,—
I cannot sing.—They ask a bolder lay,—
A firmer hand.—There are, who can behold
God's image marr'd,—and call it glorious strife,
And godlike victory.—There are, who love
The trumpet's clangour,—and the hoarse response
Of the death groan.—I cannot strike the lyre
That breathes of war.—It seems to me that death
Doth his own work so mightily, that man
Need aid him not.—
Even in the time of peace,
The dance of pleasure, and the bloom of health,
He smites his victims oft enough, to sooth
The hater of his kind.—The longest lease
Which Earth's frail tenant holds,—his fourscore years
Of labour and of sorrow, are brief space
To do the work of an Eternity.—
And can it be that I have need to tell
Who were the conquerors,—or whose bodies lay
Strewn thick as autumn leaves upon the soil
That gave them birth?—Dark was the flight of souls
From that stain'd field,—for few would bow to bear
The captive's yoke.—Yet on their haggard brows
Who drank the cup of servitude, it seem'd
Death sate in bitterness, more than on those
Whose mangled forms beneath the courser's heel
Writhed in brief agony.—
But who is she,
Of such majestic port,—whose proud eye seems

As if her spirit equally contemn'd
Both life and death?—Is this the widow'd queen
Who for her people, and her children's rights,
Her simple shelter, and her husband's tomb
Stood boldly forth?—Her foes admiring mark
Her high demeanour, and with deference ask
For her request.—"Due treatment to a queen,
And to a woman's honour."—
It would seem
As if those lips by Nature had been taught
The accent of command.—But when she saw
That in her victor's breasts compassion wrought,
A gentle tone of soft entreaty woke,—
"I ask my children's life."—
—Ah!—there spoke forth
Her woman's nature.—The demand was first
What haughty Philip's representative,
A nation's guardian, and a warrior-queen,
Was bound to stipulate.—That boon obtain'd,
Affection urged its claim,—and rushing brought
The *first*, *last* wish of every mother's heart,—
Her children.—
—Spirits of the brave and free!—
Sons of my native state!—Ye circled round
That queen in her adversity.—High souls!—
In warfare lions,—but in pity mild
As the shorn lamb;—ye gave that sacred boon
Which Rome, in all her glory, sternly snatch'd
From Boadicea,—*freedom.*
But to what
Must she return?—What!—but a ruin'd realm,—

A broken sceptre,—a dejected race,—
Dispersing like the wild returnless winds.—
Say,—what should welcome her from the dread toil
And bloody deeds of battle?—The big tear
Of her sad outcast children,—the deep groan
Of ceaseless funerals,—famine's feeble wail,—
Lone widowhood,—and Philip's murmuring shade.—
Perchance, thou heard'st her sighs, and thy dark walls
Resounded her complaint,—thou lonely Tower!—*
As through the thickets, and the pathless woods
Homeless she roam'd.—Now o'er thee, Mystery spreads
The brooding wing.—No gliding fox looks forth
From thy dark window, mid long-sighing grass
Like Morni's ruin'd tower.—No bittern screams,
Nor satyrs dance there,—nor the Cormorant
Unfolds her pinion on thy dizzy height
Nursing her young,—as in the palaces
Of desolate Babylon.—No echoed voice
Of moaning blast,—or sign of restless ghost
Reveals thy date.—But there, on that fair Isle,
Which as a gem, proud Narragansett wears,
Thou risest in thy frowning majesty
A wonder, and a parable,—to mock
The gazing throng.—Perchance the plundering hand
Of the fierce buccaneer, thy massy walls
And graceful arches rear'd;—or earlier days
And beings of some unknown race beheld
Thine infancy.—Light Fancy holds her sports
With giddy wing upon thy time-scathed crown
Peopling thy darksome chambers with strange groups
And spectral shapes;—but hoar Antiquity

* Newport Tower.

Sublimely frowns upon the fairy toil,
Eluding, like the Sybil's fabled page,
The curious eye, and anxious search of man.

TO THE FIRST SLAVE SHIP.

First of that train which cursed the wave,
And from the rifled cabin bore,
Inheritor of wo,—*the slave*
To bless his palm-tree's shade no more,

Dire engine!—o'er the troubled main
Borne on in unresisted state,—
Know'st thou within thy dark domain
The secrets of thy prison'd freight?—

Hear'st thou *their* moans whom hope hath fled?—
Wild cries, in agonizing starts?—
Know'st thou thy humid sails are spread
With ceaseless sighs from broken hearts?—

The fetter'd chieftain's burning tear,—
The parted lover's mute despair,—
The childless mother's pang severe,—
The orphan's misery, are there.

Ah!—could'st thou from the scroll of fate
The annal read of future years,
Stripes,—tortures,—unrelenting hate,
And death-gasps drown'd in slavery's tears,

Down,—down,—beneath the cleaving main
Thou fain would'st plunge where monsters lie,
Rather than ope the gates of pain
For time and for Eternity.—

Oh Afric!—what has been thy crime?—
That thus like Eden's fratricide,
A mark is set upon thy clime,
And every brother shuns thy side.—

Yet are thy wrongs, thou long-distrest!—
Thy burdens, by the world unweigh'd,
Safe in that *Unforgetful Breast*
Where all the sins of earth are laid.—

Poor outcast slave!—Our guilty land
Should tremble while she drinks thy tears,
Or sees in vengeful silence stand,
The beacon of thy shorten'd years;—

Should shrink to hear her sons proclaim
The sacred truth that heaven is just,—
Shrink even at her Judge's name,—
"Jehovah,—Saviour of the opprest."

The Sun upon thy forehead frown'd,
But Man more cruel far than he,
Dark fetters on thy spirit bound:—
Look to the mansions of the free!

Look to that realm where chains unbind,—
Where the pale tyrant drops his rod,
And where the patient sufferers find
A friend,—a father in their God.

ON THE DEATH OF AN ACCOMPLISHED PHYSICIAN.

Spirit of bright intelligence!—that beam'd
Through the quick-darting eye, and sat enthroned
On that pure smile which seem'd not of the earth!
Spirit of mild benevolence!—that hung
O'er the wan sufferer's couch, soothing his pangs
Regardless of thy own.—Spirit!—that loved
To rove amid the scenes of other days,
The shades of ancient story,—and the bowers
Of classic Fancy,—whither art thou flown?—
Why am I answer'd by the rushing sigh?—
Alas!—I know it all!—I mark'd the sign
In that deep hectic flush which stain'd thy cheek
When thou didst part from us, and knew that death
Lent that brief beauty ere he set his seal
Of icy paleness.—Thou didst go to seek
Hygeia o'er the wave,—and in those climes
Where she delights to revel.—But her gifts
Were not for thee.—Her fountain was close-seal'd
To thy parch'd lip.—And didst thou fall alone?—
Unwept, uncherish'd?—No!—in stranger breasts
Love rose to meet thee,—and a foreign voice
In holiest accents bade thee rest in peace.—
—Thy God forsook thee not,—and thy meek soul
Communing with its Saviour, saw the world
Recede unmourn'd.—Thy mouldering ashes fill
A foreign tomb,—but thou hast found a home
From whence is no departing,—where thy heart
No more vibrating on the arrow's point
Of this unpitying world,—expands to taste
Fulness of bliss.—

TO A GLOW-WORM.

Little being of a day,
  Glowing in thy cell alone,
Shedding light with mystic ray
  On thy path, and on my own.

Dost thou whisper to my heart?—
  "Though I grovel in the sod,
Still I mock man's boasted art
  With the workmanship of God."

See! the fire-fly in his flight
  Scorning thy terrene career,—
He, the eccentric meteor bright,
  Thou, the planet of thy sphere.

Why, within thy cavern damp,
  Thus with trembling haste dost cower?
Fear'st thou I would quench thy lamp,—
  Lustre of thy lonely bower?—

No!—Regain thy couch of clay,
  Sparkle brightly as before,—
Man should dread to take away
  Gifts he never can restore.

TO A WASP.

Bless me, kind friend!—who canst thou wish to see?
  Thus climbing onward with untiring labor,
A deal of friendship thou must have for me,
  To take such wondrous pains, obliging neighbour,

What may thy business be, a formal call?
Then take a chair and sit, as if thou 'dst none at all.

Be amiable, I pray thee now, sweet guest!
I would not harm thee, that were sport unkind,
Thou cam'st, Sir Wasp, like knight with lance in rest,
Hoping perchance, some tournament to find,
But yet I mean not thou my veins shalt probe,
So find some other tilt-yard, prithee, than my robe.

Thou giv'st a warrior's warning, bold and fair,
Like Ajax valiant, or Achilles proud,
Thou lay'st no ambush, no deceitful snare,
But sound'st thy tiny trumpet long and loud,
Through which, a moral lesson thou art teaching
Backbiters and false friends.—Would that they heeded preaching!

Who knows but what among thy kindred brood
Some *leech* thou art, of credit and renown,
And so thou com'st, forsooth, to let me blood!—
Haste—leave my arm, or I must help thee down!
I 've fear'd the doctors marvellously, ever
Since they gave brandy in the spotted fever.—

Mayhap I do misconstrue thee.—Well! well—
The best are fallible,—and I will strive
If but thy hidden virtues thou wilt tell,
To be as just as any one alive;—
I would not, even fly or flea should say,
I took their reputations wilfully away.—

Dost thou make honey? Sure! I had not thought it,
Such beverage must be exceeding rare,
I trow the critic gentry may have bought it,
To neutralize their very acid fare.—

Some cordial they must need, who toil so hard
To pickle and to hack each poor adventurous bard.—

I 've read in school-boy days,—thy cousin bees,
(Mauger the din of warming-pans and matrons)
Would swarm around the lips of Sophocles
Mistaking the sweet muses for their patrons;
But thou, more wise, dost better things secure,
Trucking thy surplus wares with some well-paid Reviewer.

Good bye!—but why that angry hiss? I pray,
Go vent in thy own nest, thy heighten'd spleen,
Upon thy wife and babies, *that 's the way*,
It breaks the dulness of too tame a scene,
But if they chance to sting, as well as thee,
Thou 'lt need the stock of venom thou hast spared from me.

SCOTTISH RELICS.

On being presented with a leaf of the Oak where the boat of the "Lady of the Lake" landed,—with a sprig of fern from Loch Katrine, and heath from the Trosach glen.

Poor wither'd leaf!—and didst thou spring
Luxuriant from that forest king,
The lofty oak, whose stately pride
O'erarch'd bold Caledonia's tide?—
—And when that bark approach'd the shore
Which Douglas' only treasure bore,
Then little relic didst thou grace
Thy parent bough, and bending, trace

Fair Ellen's form that charm'd the view
And strangely moved stern Roderick Dhu ?—
Or didst thou mark that witching smile
Which could a father's wo beguile,
Make even a banish'd Earl forget
The splendour of his coronet,
His knightly train, his courtly bower,
And all the entrancing pomp of power ?—
—Say, didst thou feel the zephyr meek
Which raised the tresses from her cheek ?—
Or hear the ruder gale that woo'd
Her light boat o'er the silver flood ?—
Or didst thou catch the sigh that broke
From *him* by nameless feeling woke,
Who in his suit of Lincoln green
Suprised, beheld that maid serene,
With dext'rous art her voyage make,
The Naiad of that silver lake ?—
—'T is magic all !—and can it be
That thus I hold a leaf from thee
Majestic Oak !—and with it find
A sprig of heather close entwined ;
And hardy fern that drank the dew
Near cold Loch Katrine's mirror blue ?—
—Methinks with these should pour along
That wildering tide of minstrel song,
Which makes the soil that gave them birth
The holiest spot on Fancy's earth.—
Yes Scotia !—though thy rugged coast
Of Nature's wealth can scantly boast,
Yet haughty brows and spirits free
Have donn'd the pilgrims weeds for thee,

With staff in hand their beads to tell
By every haunted stream and dell,
Upon thy lake's lone edge to dream,
To climb thy cliffs where eaglets scream,
On Flodden-field, with pitying sigh
Start at Lord Marmion's dying cry,
Or through the outlaw's cavern steal,
Or in Diana's footprints kneel,
And find thy bound the deathless shrine
Of bards and minstrelsy divine.

THE "EYES OF THE NILE."

Rollin, in describing the fertility which the Nile dispenses to Egypt, remarks that the two small circular springs in Abyssinia, from whence it derives its source, are metaphorically called "its eyes."

In ancient Egypt's fruitful realm
Joy made her most divine abode,
Light boats with pleasure at the helm
Amid her thousand islets row'd,
A thousand changing colours flow'd
Wide o'er her flowery meadows gay,
And on her lofty temples glow'd
The radiance of the God of day,—
From whence flow'd the gladness that kindled the smile?
It darted like light from the eyes of the Nile.—

But now that beauty, life and grace
From those delightful scenes have fled,
Stern Desolation marks the place,
The humbled flow'ret bows its head,

The rose forgets its hue of red,—
The mouldering temple sinks in shame,
And all that majesty is dead
Which awed so long astonish'd fame ;—
For freedom hath vanish'd and quench'd is the smile
And darken'd the light in the eyes of the Nile.—

I meant not that from Egypt's brow
Each charm by nature loved had past,
No ! still her genial summers glow,
And toying with destruction's blast
Her pyramids their shadows cast
O'er emmet man :—I only said
That liberty had breathed her last,
And beauty from the brave had fled :—
Ye may wonder and gaze, but can ye the while
Dry the tear of the slave from the eyes of the Nile ?

ON BEING ENTERTAINED WITH PAINTING AND MUSIC.

Scenes, where the charms of nature shine
In radiant robes of art divine,
Touch'd with mild grace, or throned on high
With bold and broken majesty,—
Scenes where the enraptured soul of song
In garb historic sweeps along,
Ruling with powerful key the cells
Where love reclines, or terror dwells,
Till touch'd with life the canvass swells,

Such scenes would long the soul enchain
To the rapt eye,
But then there comes a witching strain
Soft rolling by,
And at the portal of the ear
Divides the pleasure and the tear.—
—Vainly I task description's power
To trace the magic of the hour,
And even with vainer skill essay
This wild flower at your feet to lay.
Magician! who can thus inspire
At once the pencil and the lyre.—
—It fades away,—my heath-born flower,
Oh teach me thy Promethean power,
Warmth to infuse in lifeless clay,
And snatch the dying from decay.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Group after group are gathering.—Such as prest
Once to their Saviour's arms, and gently laid
Their cherub heads upon his shielding breast,
Though sterner souls the fond approach forbade;—
Group after group glide on with noiseless tread
And round Jehovah's sacred altar meet,
Where holy thoughts in infant hearts are bred,
And holy words their ruby lips repeat,
Oft with a chasten'd glance, in modulation sweet.—

Yet some there are, upon whose childish brows
Wan poverty hath done the work of care,
Look up, ye sad ones!—'t is *your Father's house*,
Beneath whose consecrated dome you are;

More gorgeous robes ye see, and trappings rare,
And watch the gaudier forms that gaily move,
And deem perchance, mistaken as you are
The "coat of many colors" proves *His* love,
Whose sign is *in the heart* and whose reward *above*.

And ye, blest laborers in this humble sphere,
To deeds of saintlike charity inclined,
Who from your cells of meditation dear
Come forth to gird the weak, untutor'd mind,—
Yet ask no payment, save one smile refined
Of grateful love,—one tear of contrite pain,
Meekly ye forfeit to your mission kind
The rest of earthly Sabbaths.—Be your gain
A Sabbath without end, mid yon celestial plain.

MISSOLONGHI.

Famine hath worn them pale, that noble band;—
Yet round the long-beleagured wall,
With wasted frame, and iron hand,
Like watching skeletons they stand,
To conquer, or to fall.—

Hark!—Hark! the war-cry. Swells the shout
From wild Arabia's wandering rout,
From turbid Nilus' swarthy brood,
From Ibrahim's host who thirst for blood,
'T is answer'd from the echoing skies,
Sons of Miltiades, arise!—

Aged men, with temples gray !—
Why do *ye* haste to the battle fray ?—
Home to the couch of ease, and pray.—
But ah ! I read on those brows of gloom,
That your sons have found a gory tomb,
And ye with despair and grief opprest,
Would strike ere ye share their clay-cold rest.—

With features pale, yet sternly wrought
To all the agony of thought,
Yon widow'd mothers mount the tower,
To guard the wall in danger's hour :—
Fast by their side in mute distress,
Their little sons unwavering press,
Taught from their cradle-bed to know
The bitter tutelage of wo,
No idle fears in their bosoms glow,
But pride and wrath in their dark eyes glance,
As they lift their martyr'd fathers' lance.

Yet more !—Yet more !—At beat of drum
With wildly flowing hair,
Helle's beauteous maidens come,
The iron strife to dare.—
Sadly sweet from those lips of rose,
The death-song of Bozzaris flows,
It is your dirge, ye turban'd foes !—
Rise, soul of Pindar ! strike the shadowy lyre,
Start from your sculptured tombs, ye sons of fire !
Snatch, snatch those gentle forms from war's alarms,
And throw your adamantine shield around their shrinking charms.

Louder swells the battle-cry ;
God of Christians! from the sky
Behold the Turk's accursed host
Come rushing in.—'T is lost !—'T is lost !—
Ye bold defenders, die !—
O thou, who sang'st of Ilion's walls the fate,
Unseal thy blinded orbs, *thine own* are desolate.

The stifled sob of mighty souls
Rises on the glowing air,
And the vow of vengeance rolls,
Mingled with the dying prayer,
" Now, by the spirits of the brave,
Sires, who rode on glory's wave,
By red Scio's wrongs and groans,
By Ipsara's unburied bones,
Our foes beneath these reeking stones,
Shall find a grave."—

Earth heaves, as if she gorged again
Usurping Korah's rebel train,
She heaves, with blast more wild and loud,
Than when with trump of thunders proud,
The electric flame subdues the cloud,
Torn and dismember'd frames are thrown on high,
And then the oppressor and opprest in equal silence lie.

Come jewell'd Sultan, from thine hall of state !
Exult o'er Missolonghi's fall,
With flashing eye, and step elate
The blood-pools count around her ruin'd wall.—
Seek'st thou thus with glances vain
The remnant of thy Moslem train ?—

Hither they came, with haughty brow,
They conquer'd here,—where are they now?—
Ask the hoarse vulture with her new-flesh'd beak,
Bid the gaunt watch-dog speak,
Who bay'd so long around his murder'd master's door,—
They, with shriek and ban can tell
The burial-place of the infidel,
Go! bind thy turban round thy brow of shame,
And hurl the mutter'd curse at thy false prophet's name.

Ancient and beautiful!—who stand'st alone
In the dire crusade, while with hearts of stone
Thy sister nations close the leaden eye
Regardless of thine agony,
Such friends had He, who once with bursting pore,
On sad Gethsemane a lost world's burden bore.—
Leave, leave the sacred steep
Where thy lorn muses weep,
Forth from thy sculptured halls,
Thy pilgrim-haunted walls,
Thy classic fountains' chrystal flood,
Go!—angel-strengthen'd to the field of blood.—
Raise thy white arm,—unbind thy wreathed hair,
And God's dread name upon thy breastplate wear,
Stand in *His might*, till the pure cross arise
O'er the proud minaret, and woo propitious skies.

ODE ON THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

Adapted to the tune of "Scots! wha ha' wi' Wallace bled."

Clime! beneath whose genial sun
Kings were quell'd, and freedom won,
Where the dust of Washington
Sleeps in glory's bed,
Heroes from thy sylvan shade,
Changed the plough for battle blade,
Holy men for thee have pray'd,
Patriot martyrs bled.—

Homeless Judah mourns in gloom,
Greece scarce rises from the tomb,
Rome hath shorn her eagle plume,
Lost her conquering name,
Youthful nation of the west,
Rise! with truer greatness blest,
Sainted ones from realms of rest,
Mark thy path to fame.—

Empire of the brave and free!—
Stretch thy sway from sea to sea,
Who shall bid thee bend the knee
To a tyrant's throne?—
Knowledge is thine armour bright,
Liberty thy beacon-light,
God himself thy shield of might,
Bow to *Him* alone.

ON THE DEATH OF JOHN ADAMS.

JULY 4, 1826.

What sounds are these ?—Why breaks the swelling shout
Of music forth, from viol and from trump,
Harp, lute and organ,—while the tuneful breath
Of man doth lend that melody a soul
And bear it high to heaven ?—How sweet the voice
Of a young nation from her peaceful vales,
Praising the God of might !—The chorus fell
In gratulation on a patriarch's ear,
Who in the bosom of his sylvan home
With dignity reposed.—His aged brow
Reveal'd that latent energy which glow'd
Deep and intense, when for an infant land
He pour'd high eloquence, and o'er her spread
His Roman shield.—And now he saw her clad
In majesty, to awe the subject wave,
Sending her teeming thousands toward the west,
And breathing from her mountain throne, the strain
Of raptured liberty.—There was a thrill
Of transport rushing through that aged breast,
Which they, whom sloth and luxury have nursed,
May never know.—Low bowing on his staff
He worshipp'd God,—and spake with kindling eye
Of *that day's* glory,—while the patriot flame
Which in his bosom burn'd while life was young,
Burst through the frost of years.—
—Old Time restored
Once more, that fulness of prophetic joy,
With which this unborn Jubilee he mark'd
Through the long vista of distressful years,

While the dark war-clouds gathering at his feet
Involved the scene.—It was a holy sight
To gaze upon that venerable man
Remembering all his glories, all his toils,
And feeling that his earth-receding grasp
Was on the anchor of eternal life.—
—But mid that reverent group, invisible
To mortal ken, death's mighty angel stood,
With long-commission'd dart; and when he read
The *Nunc Dimittis*, in that eye serene,
The sable of his ice-cold wing he wrapt
Around the patriarch's bosom.—
—Full of days,
And full of honours, on the couch of rest
He laid him down.—There was a fearful pause
Too eloquent for tears,—and then there came
The sigh of mourning thousands murmuring low
In filial grief.—I listened as the dirge
Closed that brief day, and thought how joy and wo
Walk like twin sisters through the vale of life
Twining its woof with good and evil threads,
And scarce forbore to weep, though the bright star,
Snatch'd from our lower firmament, would glow
With added lustre in a deathless clime.

DEATH OF JEFFERSON.

JULY 4, 1826.

Turn from you mountain-height and weep
Thou philosophic maid!
Who erst on Pindus' hallow'd steep
The lore of heaven survey'd.

From Monticello's sacred shade
So long thy loved abode,
Where in harmonious sway
Wisdom with the Graces trod,
Turn pensive Muse away!

There 's mourning in yon classic halls
Which near Rivanna's rapid tide,
Rear high their consecrated walls
In attic pride.
Virginia there
Like matron fair,
To Science yields her darling care,
Sighs o'er her ancient fame and breathes to hope the prayer.
She bids her embryo statesmen rise,
Genius sparkling in their eyes,
To bless with grateful tears, the Sage,
The founder of their dome, the star on history's page.

Forth from his pen of might
Burst that immortal scroll,
Which gave a living soul
To a young nation's shapeless clay,
It said "let there be light!"
And startled realms beheld a new-born day.—
The waking world in long subjection held,
Traced with astonish'd eye
The question'd right of royalty,
And fear'd the thunders of a vengeful sky,
While Freedom from his storm-rock'd cradle came
Scorning a monarch's name,
And with a daring hand the vaunted sceptre quell'd.

Say,—what was his reward who with the band
Of constellated souls thus saved a threaten'd land?—
To see the war-clouds fade away,
And peace resume her blissful sway,—
See liberty and equal law
Crush fell Discord's brood malign,
From every clime of earth to draw
Admiring pilgrims round his household shrine,—
To amass from learning's store,
The proudly treasured lore,
To see fair cities rise amid the uncultured waste,
And in his mountain paradise to taste
Those ripen'd fruits whose germ was sown in blood,
And mark his country's flag wave high o'er Glory's flood,
To wreath around his brow bright Honour's crown,
And find in weary age the love-smooth'd couch of down.

But one desire remain'd,—to see
His prosperous nation's Jubilee;—
Forth came that glorious morn with radiant vest,
He caught its smile, and enter'd to his rest,
From life's protracted banquet rose serene,
Earth's latest wish fulfill'd, and sought a higher scene.

THE LAST SURVIVER OF THE SIGNERS OF OUR DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

Assyria boasted him who humbled Tyre,
Her warrior monarch. Greece the clarion swell'd
For him of Macedon, whose sick'ning tear
Flow'd o'er the narrow limits of a world,

Though in a wine-cup's narrower round his soul
Dissolving sank. Stern Carthage too was proud
Of old Hamilcar's son, when from the height
Of Alpine cliffs, with vengeful eye she scann'd
Her haughty rival. Rome beset the heavens,
Even while her veins were bursting, with the shout
Of "Io Cæsar!"—On red Sweden's sky
A meteor glared, till dire Pultowa quench'd
The wild-fire flame. France trembled as she took
Her idol on her shoulders, and compell'd
Tribute from mightier climes, but the cold blast
That swept Siberian pines breathed o'er his brow,
Proving he was but clay.—
—*Behold they died!*
Those demigods of earth,—and left their fame
To ravaged realms, and slaughter'd hecatombs,
And widow's tears. But in this western world
Which nature in her bosom long conceal'd,
As her last, precious gem, a band arose
Of nobler heroes. They, no conquest sought,
No throne usurp'd, nor vassal homage claim'd,
But bade the sceptre, and the crowned head
Bow to the righteous cause. Time laid his hand
Upon their silver'd brows, and summon'd all
Save one, who in the dignity of age
Linger'd amid the blessings they had wrought,
Crown'd by a nation's thanks.—
—To honour's tomb
He saw his brethren gather'd, one by one,
Yet found *they might not die.*
Amid the haunts
Of industry, who o'er his harvest sings,

Of letter'd knowledge, liberty and wealth,
They move illustrious in the gifts they gave.
When to the woodman's axe the forest groans
Brief answer, and the new-born city springs,
It bears their name. Those mighty streams that roll
The tide of commerce o'er our cultured vales,
And ocean's thundering wave which proudly bears
The star-clad banner on its course sublime,
Speak forth their praise.
The husbandman who guides
His caravan far from his father's fields,
On toward the setting sun, and boldly rears
A cell upon the frontiers, makes their deeds
His text-book nightly to his list'ning sons
Who throng the winter fire. Their pictured forms
Look down from halls of taste and wake the soul
Of the young student to heroic deeds.
Babes learn to name them in their murmur'd prayer,
And as Penates, at each household hearth,
Where freedom smiles, they dwell.
Say not 't is *death*
When this clay fabric falls, and weary yields
Each element a part. Is it not *life*
To prompt heroic thought, to cheer the toil
Alike of statesman and of labouring swain,—
To prop the columns of a nation's strength,
And soar on gratitude's unresting wing
Around the earth ?—*Such glorious life they live.*

THE STRANGER'S FLOWER.

It is the custom of the Ladies of Chili to present a Flower to strangers, on receiving them into their houses.

Stranger! *new* flowers in our vales are seen,
With a dazzling eye, and a fadeless green,—
They scent the breath of the dewy morn,
They feed no worm, and they hide no thorn,
But revel and glow in our balmy air,
They are flowers which *Freedom* hath planted there.

This bud of welcome to thee we give,—
Bid its unborn sweets in thy bosom live;
It shall charm thee from all a stranger's pain,
Reserve, suspicion, and dark disdain,
A race in its freshness and bloom are we,
Bring no cares from a worn-out world with thee.

'T is a little time since the lance and spear,
And clamour of war and death were here;
Our *sesta** the shout of the murderer broke,
And we struggled to rend a tyrant's yoke,
Till our midnight slumbers were pale with fears,
And the fairest cheeks bore a widow's tears.

But now, on the couch of its mother's breast,
The infant sleeps long in its dream of rest,
And the lover beneath the evening star
Woos the young maid with his blithe guitar—
These—these are the blessings of Liberty,
And Stranger, this flower is her gift to thee.

* The after-dinner sleep.

"MENE."

Turn ye and look on ancient Babylon,—
The glory of Chaldea's excellence.
—Where is thy golden throne,—thou queen of earth?
Thy heaven-defying walls,—thy molten gates,
Thy towering terraces of trees and flowers,
Thy river-god Euphrates,—thy gay priests,
Effeminate kings,—astrologers with eyes
Seal'd to the stars?—Methinks, even now I trace
What struck thy prince, amid his revels, pale.
The mystic fingers of a sever'd hand
Inscribing *Mene* on thy mouldering dust.
—Ask ye for Tyre,—for populous Nineveh,
For temple-crown'd Jerusalem,—for Thebes
The hundred-gated,—or for Carthage proud?—
Go!—ask the winnowing winds that waste the chaff
Of human glory.—Ask ye who engraved
Mene upon Pompeii's radiant halls,
When dust and ashes quench'd their revelry?—
The hand that graves it on thy own frail frame,
Thy palaces of pleasure,—domes of pride,—
And bowers of hope.—The pen of judging Heaven
Writes "*Mene—Mene—Tekel*"—on all joys
Of this deluding world.—That world herself
So blind and blinding,—she shall read her doom
Upon the blacken'd sky,—by the last ray
Of the pale,—fainting sun,—and smit with pangs
Like him of Babylon,—shall tottering fall
To rise no more.—What then shall be their lot,
Who sought no wealth but hers,—nor tasted joy
Save in her smile?

TO AN ANCIENT ROCKING CHAIR.

Whom have thy curving arms embraced
Thou ancient, stately chair?
Since first thy form the parlor graced
And claim'd the housewife's care.

For full a century, I ween,
Its mighty round has made,
Since first thy columns black and sheen
Their maker's skill display'd.

The slippery Sofa's glossy dress
Allures the weary wight,
But soon his sliding limbs confess
Their most uneasy plight,—

Though still it decks the modern hall
The eye of taste to please:
While thou, a favourite art of all
Who love the balm of ease.

On thee, the invalid reclined,
His form by sickness chain'd,
Though haply still, his soaring mind
Its prison house disdain'd,—

And wandering wide o'er fairy land
Collected rainbow rays,
Or waked with memory's magic wand
Fair forms of other days.

Here has some ancient maiden bright
Repell'd encroaching Time,
Ensconced in stiff-laced stays upright
With high-heel'd shoe sublime.

And here the meeker matron view'd
  Her children trooping round,
Who guide with shouts of laughter rude
  The ball's elastic bound,—

Anon to aid their sports would spread
  Her gay-flower'd ample gown,
Or at their quarrels shake her head
  And awe them with a frown.

Here, in thy arms,—the nodding nurse
  Has slumber'd out the night,
Regardless of the mutter'd curse
  Of the poor, gouty wight;

Or frighten'd from her stolen dream
  Has heard in deep dismay
The falling infant's piteous scream
  Who on her bosom lay.

Here beauty, like some blighted flower
  Smit by unfriendly sky,
Consumed the wakeful,—restless hour
  With bright, unearthly eye,

While on her cheek, the hectic glow
  Dire symbol of decay,
Reveal'd how fast the treacherous foe
  Was mining on his way.

Ah!—wouldst thou speak,—thou ancient Chair,
  What secrets couldst thou tell?
Of hidden Love's mysterious care
  Breathed in thy hermit cell.

What mad resolves,—what deep-laid schemes
What fancies bold and free,—
What dazzling hopes, and airy dreams
Were born and died with thee.

Then wouldst thou chide her idle rhyme,
Who lolling thus at ease,
Mispends the untold wealth of time
In lays so light as these.

A WALK IN THE CHURCH YARD OF MY NATIVE PLACE.

—Come,—let me turn
Through yon green avenue,—and musing walk
Where sleep the silent dead.—Ah! what a throng
Have lent their fleshly vestures to the worm
Beneath these shades.—Here *first*, the forest sons
Buried their lifeless brethren,—ere the feet
Of our pale race invaded them,—*to die.*
—First to thy pillow,—not with stranger step
I rove,—dear Benefactress!—thou whose voice
To "virtue, glory, and eternal life"
Allured my childhood.—With what gentle hand
Thou from obscurity's deep shadows drew
Thy favour'd one,—touching her unform'd mind
With love of knowledge,—as Prometheus shed
Heaven's flame upon the statue of his love.
Ah!—many a year of changes and of cares
Have taught the world's hard lesson, since thine eye
Bade me farewell,—yet still to thee I turn

As tearful Israel turn'd to Zion's hill,
The city of her joy. Oft have I set
Within thine hallow'd mould, fair, tender plants,
The stainless rose, and constant evergreen,
And bless'd, and bade them cheer her bed,—whose life
Was Virtue's fragrance,—breathing toward its God.
Yet they have wither'd,—one by one have fallen
Beneath keen skies:—so didst thou teach my heart,—
(Too heedless then!)—that every earthly flower
Bore in its breast, the seeds of wan decay,
And soon must perish.—Still shall thy pure life,
Thy peaceful death,—thy seraph smile of bliss,
Such as they glow upon my nightly dream,
Deep in my soul's most cherish'd tablet dwell.
—When gratitude her genial warmth forgets
In death's embrace,—when the last debt I pay
To earth, my mother,—Oh! that I might be
Remember'd but by *one* fond, sorrowing heart
As I remember thee.
—Thou too,—dear friend
Of early sports, and studies more beloved,—
'Tis meet that I should linger near thy couch
Communing with my spirit.—All our hours
Of blissful intercourse,—when unrobed thought
Sprang to its fellow in each other's breast,—
All our congenial hopes,—our sister joys
When rambling o'er the mountain's craggy brow,
Or winning from its cell the pencill'd flower,
We spake of Nature's God,—dost thou recall
Their image in the climes of love serene?
—Dwells Friendship's warmth in angel bosoms pure?
When near the foaming rush of angry floods,

Where oft we roved,—now sad and lone I stray,
Or hang enamour'd o'er the page sublime
Of lofty bard,—or at dim twilight think
Of life's uncertainty,—or waking, muse,
Blending sweet visions with the thought of thee,
Is it *thy* sigh, that through still midnight breathes
" Rise !—sister spirit ?"
—At yon humble stone
Sure I should pause, with reverence justly due
To him who sleeps beneath.—I knew him well ;
The patient teacher of our infant years.—
The terror of his frown hath driven the blood
From many a truant's cheek,—while his keen eye
Darting like lightning to the false one's soul,
Uprooted guilt.—The pale delinquent stood
Trembling before him,—if the appointed task
Were unfulfill'd ;—nor could the rust of sloth,
Corroding intellect with baleful spot,
Long bear the atmosphere, his dreaded wrath
Kindled around it.—But he lived in days
Ere Nature's strong affinity to *good*
Had been discover'd,—and ere Wisdom chose
That more convenient rule,—to train the child
Not where he *should*,—but where he *wills* to go.
—I loved that man of science,—for his voice
Was gentle to the youth who careful sought
To stamp upon his fleeting hours, the trace
Of knowledge and of truth.—I loved him more
For his high sway,—which banish'd from his realm
The traitor passions,—and the guileful arts.
Him Education honour'd as her priest,
To offer on her altar fragrant fruits

Matured by labour;—for he never sought
To hoodwink discipline,—and lure the mind
With false indulgence from that toil severe
By which great men *are* great.—
—This little mound,
With velvet turf besprent, were better gemm'd
With snow-drops white.—A beauteous infant sleeps
Here with its mother.—O'er its soft blue eye
And o'er the slumber of its parted lips
Rose-tinted,—such a holy smile would steal
As seem'd not of earth's prompting.—Said it not
That the bright treasure in that chrystal vase
Should soon be claim'd of God?—
—And is it so!—
That to my place of birth, where every germ
Of hope was planted, I may never come
But grief chastise the joy?—When last the morn
Spread forth her purple robe, I sought a friend
Who on my childhood and my youth would smile
With affable regard, cheering a heart
That often sigh'd in loneliness.—Fair plants
Still deck'd her garden,—but she was not there
To nurse their sweets.—Her well known mansion rose
In wonted hospitality,—but she
Welcomed me not.—They pointed to the tomb,
And bade me seek her there.
—And does thy head
Rest with the ancient of thy noble house
Immured in silence?—Many a tear will fall
Bearing the answer from the sons of need,
Whom hungry, thou hast fed,—uncover'd, clothed,—
And sorrowing, comforted.

—With silent course
Unostentatious as the heaven-shed dew
Thy bounties fell; nor didst thou scatter gifts
Or utter prayers with pharisaic zeal
For man to note.—Thy praise was with thy God.
In that domestic sphere where Nature rears
Woman's meek throne, thy worth was eminent;
Nor breath'd thy goodness o'er cold, stoic hearts.—
What gentleness was thine,—what kind regard,
To him thou lov'dst what dove-like tenderness
In voice and deed.—Almost Disease might bear
Its lot without repining,—wert thou near
Beside its pillow, or around its couch
Like ministering angel.
—Scarce had Spring
Which shed its damp dews o'er thy daughter's grave
Return'd,—ere thou wert waiting to ascend
Like her, to that bright host, whose ceaseless harps
Hymn the Redeemer.—She was as a rose
Gather'd in loveliness, mid perfumed flowers
And warbling birds of love,—yet drooping still
For the pure breath of that celestial clime
Where summer hath no cloud.—She, with firm hand
Grasp'd the strong hope of everlasting life,
And thou,—in trembling, yet confiding trust,
Didst dare the waves of death's tempestuous flood
With the same anchor.—So, thou art at rest,
Where trouble comes not;—though thine image lives
With grieving love.—
But peace!—thou pensive strain,—
How vain to mourn o'er their repose, who warn
The musing idler, and the man of care,—

The cradled babe,—gay youth,—and white-lock'd sire
That soon to this forgotten cell shall fleet
The shadow of their days.—Earth's most adored
Feel not upon their lifeless breasts the tear
Fast trickling o'er their grave;—nor does the clay
Unnamed,—unchronicled,—less sweetly sleep
Within its narrow house.—For all her sons,
With mournful sigh of hollow-breathing winds,
Soft vernal tears,—and drooping wintry boughs,
Impartial Nature mourns.
—Alas! how vain
The pride that lurks in gorgeous sepulchres,—
The pyramid,—the stain'd sarcophagus,
The tomb columnar. Still there is a life
That in our ashes lives,—a care that wakes
Around our mouldering bed,—and sweet it were
To think that o'er our pulseless hearts should rise
In hallow'd characters that Saviour's name
In whom we had believed,—and that the pen
Of truth might add—"Write!—blessed are the dead
Who die in *Him*."

TO THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

Pale Primrose!—lingering for the evening star
To bless thee with its beam,—like some fair child
Who, ere he rests on Morpheus' downy car,
Doth wait his mother's blessing, pure and mild,
To hallow his gay dream.—His red lips breathe
The prompted prayer, fast by that parent's knee,
Even as thou rear'st thy sweetly fragrant wreath
To matron Evening, while she smiles on thee.—

Go to thy rest, pale flower!—The star hath shed
His benison upon thy bosom fair,
The dews of Summer bathe thy pensive head,
And weary man forgets his daily care;—
Sleep on, my rose! till morning gild the sky,
And bright Aurora's kiss unseal thy trembling eye.

WYLLYS' HILL AND THE CHARTER OAK.

Occasioned by the death of the last proprietor, of the name of Wyllys, in whose family this estate had remained since the first settlement of the country.

Thou wert the castle of the olden time,
Thou solitary pile! the beacon light
Of the benighted traveller. Thy lone brow
Look'd out in grandeur o'er a pathless wild,
And waters whiten'd by no daring sail;
While to the red man's startled eye, thy pomp
Was as a dream of terror. Now thou stand'st
In faded majesty, as if to mourn
The desolation of a lordly race,
Or like a faithful vassal share their grave.
Farewell! Farewell! A loftier dome may rise,
And prouder columns blot thy time-stain'd walls
From the slight memory of a passing age.
Yet some there are, who deem thy mouldering stones
Dearer than sculpture's boast, to whose fond eye
Thy silent shades, and arbours darkly wreath'd,
And moon-lit walks, are peopled with the throngs
Of lost affection; for whom Memory's spell,

Like her of Endor, wakes the hoary sire,
Wrapt in the shadowy mantle of the grave,
Gives to the matron form the custom'd seat
At board and hearth, or with the joyous shout
Of childhood, and the warbled song of youth
Fills these deserted halls.
—But thou, firm Oak!
Time-honour'd and majestic, who didst lock
Our freedom's charter in thy sacred breast,
From tyranny's eagle-glance, we need not say
Farewell to thee. For thou dost freshly take
Thy leafy garland from the hand of spring,
And wear the autumnal crown as vigorously,
As if thou ne'er hadst mark'd old Time shred off,
Age after age, man's branching hopes, and blast
His root of glory. Canst thou tell us nought
Of forest chieftains, and their vanish'd tribes,
Who like the bubble on the waters broke
Before our sires? Hast thou no record left
Of perish'd generations, o'er whose head
Thy foliage droop'd? thou who unchanged hast seen
The stately founders of an honour'd name,
The wise, the brave, the beautiful go down
To the dark winter of the voiceless tomb,
Like thy own wither'd leaves?
—Bloom on! Bloom on!
Thou silent monitor, and should our sons,
Gay with the cup of full prosperity,
Forget the labours of their patriot sires,
Be thou as Delphos to them, with thy frown
Oracular, warning them well to heed
The sumless price of blood-bought liberty.

TOMB OF CECILIA METELLA.

Where art thou, wife of Crassus, whose proud tomb
O'ermasters Time, mocking with towering walls,
And Doric frieze, and knots of sculptured flowers
His ill-dissembled wrath?—Soft, drooping shades,
The dark, columnar cypress, the pale leaves
Of the young olive, and the ivy wreath
Close clustering, lend their tracery to make rich
Thy sepulchre.—But thou hast left no trace
On history's tablet, and in vain we ask
These voiceless stones of thee.—
Was hoarded wealth
Thine idol, like thy husband's?—didst thou vaunt
His venal honours, and exalt the power
Of the triumvir, in thy purple robes,
Presiding at his feasts, till Rome was sick
Of pomp and revel?—or in secret cell
To thy Penates breathe the matron prayer
With trembling for his sake?—or in the grief
Of solitary widowhood, deplore
His breathless bosom pierced by Parthian darts?—
—There is no record on these mighty walls
Of thy lost deeds. Even thy sarcophagus
Is rifled, and the golden urn where slept
Thy mouldering ashes, proved but fitting bribe
For the rapacious hand. Thy scattered dust,
How doth it differ from the household slave's?
Who 'neath thy bidding at the distaff wrought,
Or bent with sterner toil, in ponderous vase,
Brought the cool Martian waters, or perchance
Through sinuous mazes of embroidery's art
Guided the weary needle.

But in vain
We stand communing with the faithless tomb
That cast thee forth.—The strong-cemented rock
Lays claim to immortality,—but dust
Man's dust, must yield each element a part,
To pay Creation's loan, nor can he cling
To the brief memory of a shadowy race,
Save through his deeds.—
O Woman, nurse of Man!—
Make not thy grave beneath the imposing arch,
Or the drear pyramid;—enshrine thyself
Amid thy buried virtues, in the heart
Of him who loves thee, make thy monument
The graces of thine offspring, and the thanks
Of all who mourn. So shalt thou miss the pomp
Of this world's triumph, and thy noteless tomb
Be glorious in the resurrection morn.

POMPEY'S STATUE,

AT WHOSE PEDESTAL JULIUS CÆSAR FELL, IS STILL PRESERVED IN THE PALAZZO SPADÆ, AT ROME.

Cold and inanimate!—Would thou couldst ope
Thy marble lips, and tell what thou hadst seen
Upon the ides of March!—thou, at whose feet
Fell the world's monarch, eloquent and brave,
The great in conquest, and the proud of soul.—
Waked there no spark Promethean in thy breast,
When sadly muffled in his mantle's fold
Fainting, he fell on thee?—

Didst thou stand forth
In the same dark and motionless beauty, while
Casca's impatient sword, and the keen point
Of Cassius, and the "unkindest cut of all,"
From the loved hand of Brutus, and the rage
Of traitorous daggers search'd that noble breast,
Which Gaul, and Egypt, and Pharsalia's plains
Had seen bright-clad in victory's burnish'd mail,
Trembling as at a war-god?—
Tragic close
Of mad ambition's drama!—the deep plaint
Of "Et tu Brute!"—and the indignant pang
With which that proud soul left the wounded clay,
Scorning a world which mock'd it with the cheat
Of friendship and of faith!—
And yet that world
Had owed him little, save the blood that made
Her harvests plenteous, save the unheeded groan
Of famish'd widow, and of sireless babe,
A meteor glory kindled up at Rome,
And all beside, a desert.—Deeds like these,
How weigh they in Heaven's balance, when the pomp
Of earth hath fled away?—*Man may not judge*,
But wait in trembling for his trial-day.—
—And yet 't would seem that the meek hind, whose hand
Made hard with labour, deals the daily bread
To the young nurslings of his humble nest,
Whose head beneath his planted trees and flowers,
Sinks calmly down in the long sleep of death,
Hath better passport to the clime of peace
Than the blood-nourish'd master of a world.

FUNERAL OF THE OSAGE WARRIOR.

A mighty form lay stretch'd and cold
Beside his last retreat,
The spear was in his mantle's fold,
The quiver at his feet;
Grave, hoary men with stifled moan
Moved on sedate and slow,
While woman's shrill, unheeded tone
Broke forth in lawless wo.

Strange sight!—amid that funeral train
A lofty steed stood nigh,
With arching neck and curling mane,
With bold, yet wondering eye.—
But when the wail grew wild and loud,
His fiery nostril spread,
As though he heard the war-whoop proud
And rush'd to carnage red.—

"Steed of the winds!—thy lord doth roam
Gay through the spirit's land,
Where no pale tyrants eye shall come
To frown on the happy band.
When o'er the night, like meteor streams
The lamp of their revels free,
His hunting spear in lightning gleams,
And he waits, he calls for thee.

He must not at the chase be late,
He, of the soul of fire,
Haste! Haste!"—the death-shot seals his fate,
With sharp and sudden ire.

One leap,—one groan,—and all was hush'd,—
He bow'd his noble head,
And free the deep, red streamlet gush'd
To lave his master's bed.

Sad groups to guard their chieftain's clay
The tumulus prepare,
While low a weeping mourner lay
With dark, dishevell'd hair.
And when the evening star is bright,
Full oft her widow'd cry,
Goes forth upon the stilly night,
"Why warrior,—didst thou die?"—

THE CEMETERY OF PERE LA CHAISE.

Is this the abode of the dead?—Oh no!—
The symbols of joy are here,—
Gay wreaths round columns of marble glow,
From bright-wing'd birds sweet melodies flow,
Nor cypress nor yew are near.

I thought that the city which death had rear'd
Was with banners of grief o'erspread,—
That pleasure to weave her light garland fear'd,
And the path to its desolate shrines appear'd
Deep worn by the mourner's tread.

Yet still is there nought of secret wo
'Neath the guise of this gaudy cheer?—
On yon little mound where roses grow,
Methinks that pale flower with its lip of snow
Hath drank of a mother's tear.

Yes! Yes!—'t is the site of the dreamless bed,
There 's a voice from those sepulchres cold,—
The mighty are there,—but their pomp is dead,
And the lover who pale from the bridal fled,
In his bosom the worm to fold.

Can ye tell us nought of the souls who fly
From their prison of earthly gloom?—
Hark! Hark! to the hollow and hoarse reply,
"Ora pro anima mea," they cry
From the depth of each sculptured tomb.

But why do ye cry unto us, ye dead?—
We are striving with sorrow's blast,
We are weak, and mid snares of sin we tread,
We are frail, and the change of death we dread,
That change with you is past.

Till the fearful audit of mortal crime,
When the books of the judgment ope,
Till the flash of that flame whose wrath sublime
Shall feed on the spoils of buried time,
Rest,—rest in your beds of hope.

A HEBREW TALE.

Twilight was deepening with a tinge of eve,
As toward his home in Israel's shelter'd vales
A stately Rabbi drew. His camels spied
Afar the palm-trees' lofty heads that deck'd
The dear, domestic fountain,—and in speed
Prest with broad foot, the smooth and dewy glade.

The holy man his peaceful threshold pass'd
With hasting step.—The evening meal was spread,
And she, who from life's morn his heart had shared
Breathed her fond welcome.—Bowing o'er the board,
The blessing of his Father's God he sought,
Ruler of earth and sea.—Then raising high
The sparkling wine-cup, " call my sons," he bade,
" And let me bless them ere their hour of rest."
—The observant mother spake with gentle voice
Somewhat of soft excuse,—that they were wont
To linger long amid the Prophet's school,
Learning the holy Law their father loved.—
——His sweet repast with sweet discourse was blent,
Of journeying and return.—" Would thou hadst seen
With me, the golden morning break to light
Yon mountain summits, whose blue, waving line
Scarce meets thine eye, where chirp of joyous birds,
And breath of fragrant shrubs, and spicy gales,
And sigh of waving boughs, stirr'd in the soul
Warm orisons.—Yet most I wish'd thee near
Amid the temple's pomp, when the high priest
Clad in his robe pontifical, invoked
The God of Abraham, while from lute and harp,
Cymbal and trump and psaltery, and glad breath
Of tuneful Levite,—and the mighty shout
Of all our people like the swelling sea
Loud hallelujahs burst. When next I seek
Blest Zion's glorious hill, our beauteous boys
Must bear me company.—Their early prayers
Will rise as incense. Thy reluctant love
No longer must withhold them :—the new toil
Will give them sweeter sleep,—and touch their cheek

With brighter crimson.—Mid their raven curls
My hand I 'll lay,—and dedicate them there,
Even in those hallow'd courts to Israel's God,
Two spotless lambs, well pleasing in his sight.
—But yet, methinks, thou 'rt paler grown, my love!—
And the pure sapphire of thine eye looks dim,
As though 't were wash'd with tears."—
—Faintly she smiled,—
" *One doubt*, my lord, I fain would have thee solve.—
Gems of rich lustre, and of countless cost
Were to my keeping trusted.—Now, alas!
They are demanded.—Must they be restored?—
Or may I not a little longer gaze
Upon their dazzling hues?"—His eye grew stern,
And on his lip there lurk'd a sudden curl
Of indignation.——" Doth *my wife* propose
Such doubt?—as if a master might not claim
His own again!"——" Nay Rabbi, come behold
These priceless jewels ere I yield them back."
So to their spousal chamber with soft hand
Her lord she led.—There on a snow-white couch
Lay his two sons, *pale, pale and motionless,*
Like fair twin-lillies, which some grazing kid
In wantonness had cropt.—" My sons!—My sons!—
Light of my eyes!"——the astonish'd father cried,—
" My teachers in the law!—whose guileless hearts,
And prompt obedience warn'd *me* oft to be
More perfect with my God!"—
To earth he fell,
Like Lebanon's rent cedar; while his breast
Heaved with such groans as when the labouring soul
Breaks from its clay companions' close embrace.—

—The mourning mother turn'd away and wept,
Till the first storm of passionate grief was still.
Then pressing to his ear her faded lip,
She sigh'd in tone of tremulous tenderness,
" *Thou* didst instruct me, Rabbi, how to yield
The summon'd jewels.—See! the Lord did give,
The Lord hath taken away."
" Yea!" said the sire,
" And *blessed be his name.* Even for *thy sake*
Thrice blessed be Jehovah."—Long he prest
On those cold, beautiful brows his quivering lip,
While from his eye the burning anguish roll'd,
Then kneeling low, those chasten'd spirits pour'd
Their mighty homage.

THE MISLETOE AT THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

Dark plant of Superstition's shade,
Why dost thou lift thy cheerless eye
Where reeks no Druid's purple blade,
To stain fair Freedom's chosen glade,
And dim her sun-bright sky?—

Sacred to orgies blind and base
Where human blood was sternly spilt,
How dar'st thou seek this holy place?—
Rude parasite! whose foul embrace
Has wreath'd the murderer's hilt.

Where Mona's ancient foliage wept
Or drear Stonehenge appall'd the gloom,
Thy earthless root had fitter crept,
Thy mystic garland better slept
Than near a christian's tomb.

What though in tuneful Maro's lore*
To Troy's sad chief thine aid was lent,
Who dauntless trod the infernal shore
Where proud and frowning shades of yore
Their date of anguish spent,

Yet we, to Pluto's dreary coast,
Passport to ask of thee, disdain,—
We seek *our hero* mid the host
Where wails no grim or guilty ghost,
On heaven's unclouded plain.

See !—watchful o'er his honour'd clay,
A nation sheds the filial tear,
And pilgrims kneel, and patriots pray,
And plants of glory drink the day,
Why should 'st *thou* linger here ?

In war, the laurel wove his crest,
The olive deck'd his sylvan dome,
The mournful cypress marks his rest,
Rude Misletoe !--the Druid's guest,
Hence !—find some fitter home.

* The Viscum Album of Linnæus, or sacred Misletoe of the Druids, is the same plant which was the passport of Æneas to the infernal regions.—*See Æneid, Book 6th.*

THE SAINTED MOTHER.

What see'st thou, parting soul, through falling clay?
Through the deep chasms of time and sickness pale?
What fires the fix'd eye thus with rapture's ray
Mid thy drear passage through the darken'd vale?—

See'st thou *their* smile who bow the seraph head
In guardian friendship o'er salvation's heirs?—
Is their white wing in sister-welcome spread
To waft thee gently o'er a world of cares?—

Doth melody, unknown to mortal ear,
With full, enchanting tide mellifluent flow?—
The perfect language of that glorious sphere
Which thy meek lip so well essay'd below?—

Come sceptic near this sacred couch, and try
The strength of virtue's panoply, while pain
Uproots of life and love the cherish'd tie
And rends a mother from the mourning train.

Go—king of terrors!—prompt to thin the band
Whose pure monitions guide us to the sky,—
This barbless arrow from thy vengeful hand
But points the christian's triumph,—*how to die.*

Oh privileged were those who mark'd thee rise
Thou placid victor o'er the spoiler's power!—
Imbibed they not the wisdom of the skies
From the deep lesson of that awful hour?—

Adieu!—we dare not mourn thee save with tears
Of holy gratitude,—raised as thou art
Above the changes of these chastening years,
And blissful number'd with the pure in heart.

"WHEREFORE I PRAISED THE DEAD, MORE THAN THE LIVING."

King Solomon.

They dread no storm that lowers,
No perish'd joys bewail,
They pluck no thorn-clad flowers,
Nor drink of streams that fail,
There is no tear-drop in their eye,
No change upon their brow,
The placid bosom heaves no sigh,
Though all earth's idols bow.

Who are so greatly blest?—
From whom hath sorrow fled?—
Who share such deep, unbroken rest
While all things toil?——*The dead!*
The holy dead!—why weep ye so
Above the sable bier?—
Thrice blessed!—they have done with wo,
The *living* claim the tear.

Go to their sleeping bowers,
Deck their low couch of clay
With early spring's uncolour'd flowers,
And when they fade away,
Think of the amaranthine wreath
The bright bowers never dim,
And tell me why thou fly'st from death
Or hid'st thy friends from him?—

We dream but *they* awake,
Dark visions mar our rest,
Through thorns and snares our way we take,
And *yet we mourn the blest!*
For those who throng the eternal Throne
Lost are the tears we shed,—
They are the living,—they alone
Whom thus we call *the dead.*

A DIRGE.

Tomb! take our treasure to thy hoard,—
The hand that we so oft have prest,
The eye whence holy light hath pour'd,
The glowing lip, the form adored,
Take to thy breast!—

Cold, cold and thankless as thou art,
How can we leave the spirit free,
How can we yield that faithful heart,
Which bore in all our joys a part,
Thus unto thee?—

Said we the spirit?—'T is not thine!—
No, guard the slumbering dust with care,
Nature with flowers shall deck the shrine,
And be at dewy eve's decline,
A weeper there.—

Dark steward! lock with jealous fear
The secrets of thy dreamless bed,
For thou, when ruin whelms the sphere,
The strong archangel's voice must hear,
"Restore the dead."

TO AN ABSENT CHILD.

Where art thou, Bird of Song?—
  Brightest one, and dearest!—
Other groves among,
  Other nests thou cheerest,
Sweet thy warbling skill
  To each ear that heard thee,
But 't was sweetest still
  To the heart that rear'd thee.—

Lamb! where dost thou rest?—
  On stranger-bosoms lying?—
Flowers thy path that drest
  Now uncropp'd are dying,
Streams where thou didst roam
  Murmur on without thee,
Lov'st thou still thy home?—
  Can thy mother doubt thee?—

Seek thy Saviour's flock,
  To his blest fold going,
Seek that smitten rock
  Whence our peace is flowing;
Still should Love rejoice,
  Whatsoe'er betide thee,
If that Shepherd's voice
  Evermore would guide thee.

ON SEEING THE DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND GIRL

OF THE AMERICAN ASYLUM, HARTFORD, AT A FESTIVAL.

She sat beneath the verdant shade
  Where young birds chirp'd in leafy cell,
Where wild flowers deck'd the mossy glade,
  And tuneful waters murmuring fell,

And smile, and song, and mirth were there,
While youth and joy their tissue wove,
And white robed forms, with tresses fair
Gay glided through the enchanted grove.

But there *she* sat with drooping head,
By stern misfortune darkly bound,
By holy light unvisited,
And silent mid a world of sound.

Chain'd down to solitary gloom
No sense of quick delight was there,
Save when the floweret's rich perfume
Came floating on the scented air.

She rose, and sadly sought her home,
Where with the voiceless train she dwelt,
In Charity's majestic dome,
For bounteous hearts her sorrows felt.

But while her mute companions share
Those joys which ne'er await the blind,
A moral night of deep despair
Descending shrouds her lonely mind.

For not to her Creation lends
Or blush of morn,—or beaming moon,
Nor pitying Knowledge makes amends
For step-dame Nature's stinted boon.

Yet deem not, though so dark her path,
Heaven strew'd no comfort o'er her lot,
Or in her bitter cup of wrath
The healing drop of balm forgot.

Oh no !—with meek, contented mind,
The needle's humble task to ply
At the full board her place to find,
Or close in sleep the placid eye,

With Order's unobtrusive charm
Her simple wardrobe to dispose,
To press of guiding care the arm,
And rove where Autumn's bounty flows,

With Touch so exquisitely true,
That Vision stands astonish'd by,
To recognise with ardor due
Some friend or benefactor nigh,

Her hand mid childhood's curls to place,
From fragrant buds the breath to steal,
Of stranger-guest the brow to trace,
Are pleasures left for her to feel.

And often o'er her hour of thought,
Will burst a laugh of wildest glee,
As if the living forms she caught
On wit's fantastic drapery,

As if at length, relenting skies
In pity to her doom severe,
Had bade a mimic morning rise,
The chaos of the soul to cheer.

But who, with energy divine,
May tread that undiscover'd maze,
Where Nature, in her curtain'd shrine,
The strange and new-born Thought arrays ?

Where quick perception shrinks to find
On eye and ear the envious seal,
And wild ideas throng the mind,
Which palsied speech may ne'er reveal;

Where instinct, like a robber bold,
Steals sever'd links from Reason's chain,
And leaping o'er her barrier cold
Proclaims the proud precaution vain:

Say, who shall with magician's wand
That elemental mass compose,
Where young affections pure and fond
Sleep like the germ mid wintry snows?

Who, in that undecypher'd scroll
The mystic characters may see,
Save Him who reads the secret soul,
And holds of life and death the key?

Then, on thy midnight journey roam,
Poor wandering child of rayless gloom,
And to thy last and narrow home
Drop gently from this living tomb.

Yes, uninterpreted and drear,
Toil onward with benighted mind,
Still kneel at prayers thou can'st not hear,
And grope for truth thou may'st not find.

No scroll of friendship or of love,
Must breathe its language o'er thy heart,
Nor that Blest Book which guides above
Its message to thy soul impart.

But Thou who didst on Calvary die
Flows not thy mercy wide and free?
Thou, who didst rend of *death* the tie,
Is *Nature's* seal too strong for thee?

And Thou, Oh Spirit pure, whose rest
Is with the lowly, contrite train,
Illume the temple of her breast,
And cleanse of latent ill the stain.

That she, whose pilgrimage below
Was night that never hoped a morn,
That undeclining day may know
Which of eternity is born.

The great transition who can tell!
When from the ear its seal shall part
Where countless lyres seraphic swell,
And holy transport thrills the heart.

When the chain'd tongue which ne'er might pour
The broken melodies of time,
Shall to the highest numbers soar,
Of everlasting praise sublime,

When those blind orbs which ne'er might trace
The features of their kindred clay,
Shall scan of Deity the face,
And glow with rapture's deathless ray.

BIRTH-DAY OF BOTH MY PARENTS.

Hail hallow'd morn!—made sacred by *their* birth,
Who fondly o'er my waking dream of life,

Like guardian angels hung. Serene thou bear'st
Upon thy radiant wing the vivid trace
Of years departed, weaving round those forms
For whom this lay of filial love I breathe,
The tissued robe of recollected joy.—
—Bright o'er those mists and shadows which involve
This vestibule of being, they dispensed
Light, like that star which lifts her gentle lamp
O'er dewy dawn, fair herald of the day.
Amid the doubtful bliss of infancy,
Its mingled smile and tear, its lisping tone,
And faltering step, and claim on sleepless love,
I see their ministry. Mid brighter scenes,
The wild, loud laugh of childhood, the gay smile
With which exulting youth hastes forth to prove
The charms of nature, and the arts of man,
Through every change when pain or pleasure breathed
Its spirit too intensely o'er a heart
Wayward and full of hope,—I mark them still
Bending with tireless sympathy. The hand
That labor'd for my good,—the eye that wept
My slight adversity,—the soul whose chord
Vibrated to my touch,—the tuneful hymn,
The holy prayer that bless'd our evening couch,
Were theirs;—the uncancell'd, everlasting debt
Of gratitude be mine.—Oh Guides revered!
Though with too fond idolatry ye clung
Around your only one,—too oft transform'd
By love's most subtle alchymy, her faults
To fancied virtues,—yet your faithful voice
Has warn'd from error, and your dreaded glance
Darted repentance to her heart, when vice

Had overtaken it, and still ye toil'd
To train her as a servant of your Lord.
—Together now, with lingering steps ye tread
That steep, declining path of life which leads
Down to the flood of Jordan.—Oh my God!
Now in the feebleness of hoary hairs
Forsake them not. On this their natal day
Lift up the glory of thy countenance,
And bid their childless home, their lonely breasts,
Glow with that cheering radiance which now gilds
Yon chambers of the east.—Whate'er they need,
The gift of healing, or the light of faith,
Or confidence of prayer, vouchsafe to grant;
And all that measureless and priceless love
Which o'er my earthly journey they have strewn,
Shed thou again on them. Hast thou not said
A mother's kindness to her new-born babe,
Weigh'd with thy mercy to the trusting soul,
Was but forgetfulness?—Therefore I rest
My cause with thee,—for thou hast been *their* trust
Onward from blooming youth, and years mature
To weary age. What is a daughter's prayer
Though steep'd in all the agony of tears,
Compared with the compassions of a God!
—Be still, my soul!—and at the altar's foot
Kneel in adoring gratitude, nor fear
To trust that wisdom which hath never err'd,
That love which guides the wounded sparrow's fall,
And that eternal truth on which the arch
Of heaven is rear'd, and heaven's rejoicing host
Hang all their fulness of immortal bliss.

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